

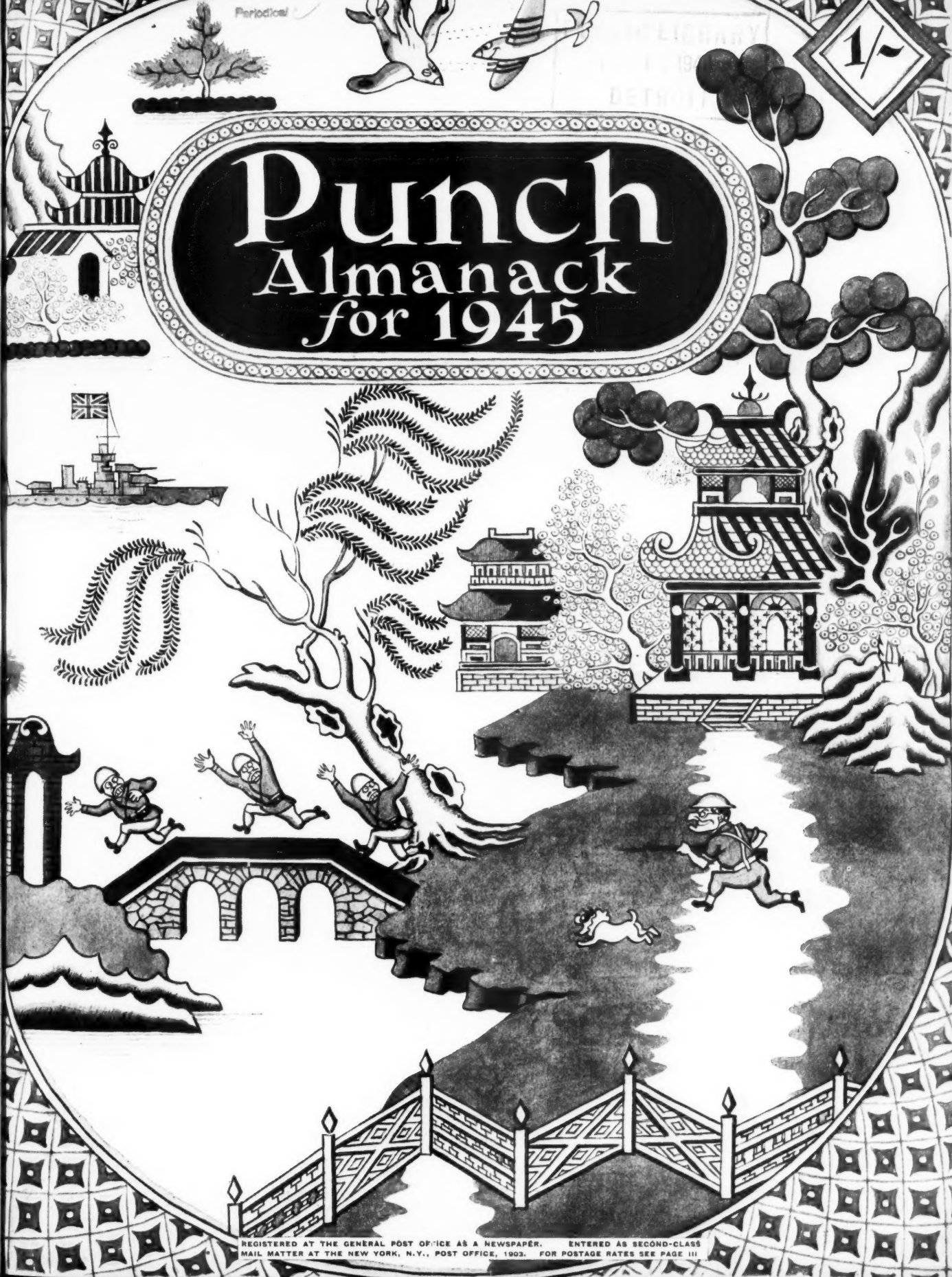
Periodical

1/-

Punch

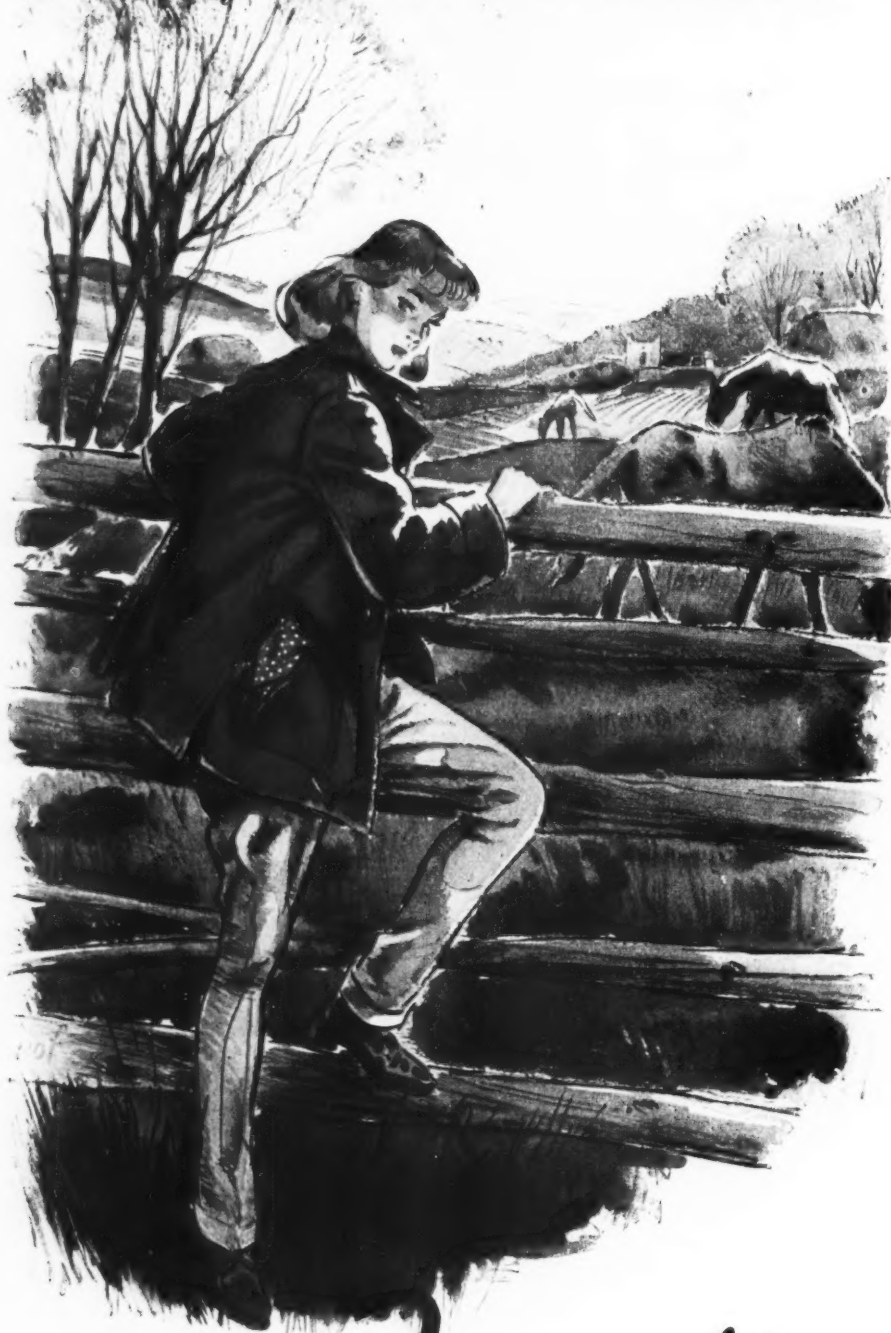
Almanack

for 1945



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS
MAIL MATTER AT THE NEW YORK, N.Y., POST OFFICE, 1903. FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE PAGE III

Put your best face forward . . .



The loveliest women are those who look as though their beauty has no need of art. And because that natural look is Yardley's special triumph, you can be pretty sure that many beautiful faces you see owe more than a little to Yardley beauty-aids.

They appear in war-time packings nowadays, and you may have to search a little for them. But they still have all the qualities you know and trust.

- ★ BOND STREET POWDER
- ★ BEAUTY CREAMS
- ★ HAND CREAM
- ★ TOILET SOAP
(Lavender & Rose Complexion)
- ★ LIPSTICK and refills
- ★ ROUGE
- ★ TALCUM POWDER
(Lavender & April Violets)

Yardley

**If you have any war-time beauty problems write to Mary Foster, the Yardley Beauty Consultant. She will be very glad to help.*



YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON W.1



In the days of
Hengist and Horsa

Underwear was
very much coarser ;

To the men who stormed
the coast of France

Wolsey gave finer
vests and pance.

Wolsey

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN & WOMEN

CARDINAL SOCKS

KLIRSHEER STOCKINGS



GOOD THINGS *come two by two—*

The spirit and the team,

Gold and silver, bread and cheese,

Strawberries and cream ;

Health and beauty, cap and bells,

Crinolines and hoops,

Silk and satin, wine and song,

SYMINGTON'S & SOUPS.



W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOROUGH.

PLAN NOW

for your peacetime motoring. Rolls Royce and Bentley cars will be in ever shorter supply until production recommences. We can still offer a fine selection of these wonderful models, many of negligible mileage and in all respects as new.

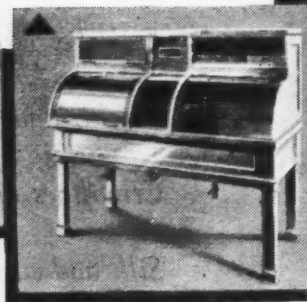
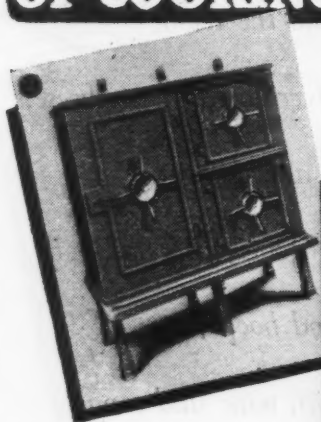
May we also record your name to receive details of the Rolls Royce and Bentley post-war programme when available?



Jack BARCLAY Ltd.
MAYFAIR 7444
12 & B. GEORGE STREET, HAMOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

THE WORLD'S LARGEST OFFICIAL RETAILERS OF ROLLS ROYCE AND BENTLEY CARS

ESSE'S GREAT RANGE OF COOKING EQUIPMENT



THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd.

Established 1854

Head Office

BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

London Showrooms:

62-64 Brook Street, W.1 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4
8 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

LIVERPOOL:

EDINBURGH:

GLASGOW:

20 Canning Place • 17 Greenside Place • 11 Dixon Street, C.1

● ESSE Wet Steam Ovens, Single compartments or built up batteries.

▲ ESSE Gas-Heated Fish Fryer, speedy and efficient in operation.

★ ESSE Major Heat Storage Cooker is continuous burning.

◆ ESSE Steam-jacketed Boiling Pan has an outer surface free of unnecessary projections.

C & B

sure
you always insist on



SOUPS · GALANTINES

MEAT & FISH PASTES

BRANSTON PICKLE

BRANSTON SAUCE

SALAD CREAM

BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

*Famous Delicacies
Unexcelled since 1706*

BALKAN SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

Breathe Again

The tension is over, the 'blackout' can be lightened, there's no parade next Sunday, we can settle down again . . .

To what? Let others fret about plans and squabble over means. For you an easy-chair, a fire, your household Gods, a book — and a pipe or cigarette of *Balkan Sobranie*. That is the final touch of satisfaction . . .

And you remember that throughout five years of substitutes and make-do there has been no make-believe about *Balkan Sobranie*. In war as in peace *Sobranie* has maintained its standards.

BALKAN SOBRANIE

The world's finest cigarettes and pipe tobaccos.



SOBRANIE LTD LONDON.E.C.1

Horrockses

*the Greatest Name in Cotton
and Textile Fabrics*

SHEETS • PILLOWCASES • TOWELS • FLANNELETTES • WINCETTES
DRESS GOODS • SHIRTINGS • FURNISHINGS • UTILITY FABRICS • ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON



A Royal Progress

In 1862 you could walk into Mr. Romary's shop in Tunbridge Wells and buy as many biscuits as you pleased. Queen Victoria did—and liked them so much she ordered them to be specially made for her. To-day, wartime conditions make Romary a rare luxury. But we hope that in the not too distant future you will once again be able to buy as many as you like.

ROMARY
'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

*Keep the soft, sweet
look of youth*



*Beautify while
you sleep...*

As you grow older, frown lines, laughter lines and dry skin lines combine to form a delicate tracery round eyes and mouth—probably the only example of nature's art that no one admires. That's why Atkinsons have produced Skin Deep, a new, superbly rich cream to keep your skin soft, supple and wrinkle-free. Its formula contains the same elements that nature put into your skin to preserve its youth and elasticity and keep it free from blemishes. So cherish your natural beauty by massaging every single night with extra-rich Skin Deep.

★ An enchanting
powder base too!

Use Skin Deep by day as well
as by night. It holds make-
up beautifully smooth and
matt throughout the day.

ATKINSONS
Skin Deep
BEAUTY CREAM
5/10 (including tax)

ASD 3-96

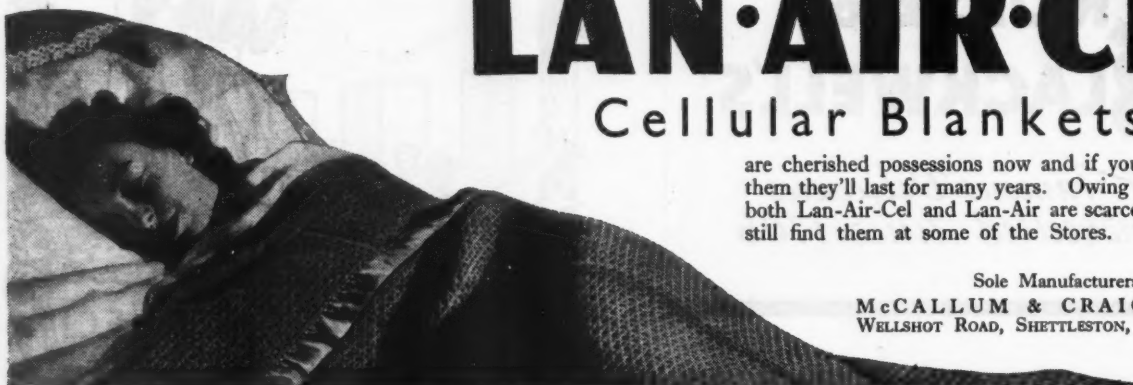
J. & E. ATKINSON LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

LAN-AIR-CEL

Cellular Blankets

are cherished possessions now and if you take care of them they'll last for many years. Owing to restrictions both Lan-Air-Cel and Lan-Air are scarce, but you can still find them at some of the Stores.

Sole Manufacturers:
McCALLUM & CRAIGIE, Ltd.,
WELLSHOT ROAD, SHETTLESTON, GLASGOW, E.2



Digestive Strain

How it can be overcome



WITH war-work and voluntary service the main preoccupations of most men and women to-day, it is not always possible to follow a regular dietary routine. The result is that meals snatched here and there, inadequately prepared and hurriedly eaten, put a strain on the digestive system which often leads to indigestion.

Your impaired digestion should be treated in a common-sense way by giving it the relief so urgently needed. It is far better to omit hasty meals and snacks, taking instead a cup of 'Ovaltine.'

Delicious 'Ovaltine' gives you restorative and sustaining nourishment in a form exceptionally easy to assimilate. Prepared from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs—'Ovaltine' provides concentrated nourishment to the entire system without imposing strain on the digestion.

This is one of the important reasons why 'Ovaltine' is supplied to Military and Civil Hospitals. 'Ovaltine' has for many years been considered a hospital stand-by in cases of difficult feeding. It is also widely used in Industrial and Service Canteens.

Prices in
Gt. Britain and
N. Ireland,
2/4 and 4/-.

Ovaltine

P628A



NO matter what his war-time job, the average man still appreciates his "Van Heusen" Collars and "Vantella" Shirts. True, there are not so many in the shops these days, but an occasional 'lucky buy' enables him to retain that sense of comfort and smartness to which he has for so long been accustomed.

The urgent need to obtain full value for each clothing coupon spent is another reason why so many look so diligently for their favourite Collars and Shirts.

"Van Heusen" Collars wear longer, launder well and are made in various styles in white, colours, khaki and R.A.F. blue. "Vantella" Shirts match all colours and designs of "Van Heusen" Collars.

"VAN HEUSEN"
Semi-Stiff Collars Regd Trade Mark

VANTELLA Regd.
The Ideal Shirt for Men

"VAN HEUSEN" by
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD.,
Taunton, Somerset.

"VANTELLA" by
COTELLA LTD.,
137-138 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1



...BUT

DON'T FORGET

IDRIS

QUALITY SOFT DRINKS

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON. MAKERS OF QUALITY
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



Mr. Payle-Madder, whose sublimate-
tions on canvas are the *furor* of the advanced art world,
has been delayed in the completion of his masterpiece
"Regret." It was of a doorknob, two fingerstalls and
a bottle of pickle. Fortunately (for us) the pickle was
Pan Yan and when hunger broke in upon inspiration
he consumed this portion of his model with an omelette
of dried eggs. Which having finished, he was heard
to murmur: "Regret be d....d!"

Pan Yan

MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED LONDON

Of course, Pan Yan
is not so easy to
get now, but
Mr. Madder avers
"Masterpieces are
always rare."



FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.
When I can get it, I prefer

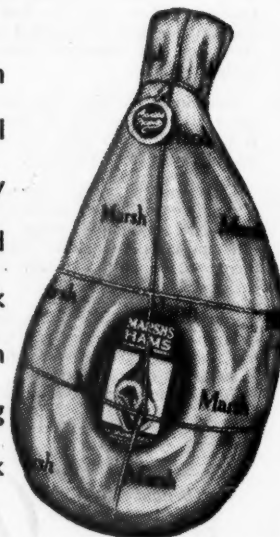
RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

THE FINEST HAM IN THE WORLD . . .

MARSH'S HAM

- You can't get them
now, but they will
be produced again by
Marsh's from sound
well-bred stock
reared by British
Farmers. Something
to which to look
forward.



MARSH & BAXTER LTD., BRIERLEY HILL

FROM THE TRAIL TO KLONDYKE

"as good in the pipe to-day as 45 years ago"

"Dear Sirs,

"You may be interested to hear that the enclosed stamp is off one of your 1-lb. tins of "Craven Mixture" and that the tobacco is as good in the pipe to-day as it would have been over 45 years ago when it was packed.

"I am in . . . on a government War Project. The small store here has some left over merchandise of Klondyke Gold Rush days . . . tins of your tobacco being included in this old stock.

"It is interesting to note that the date on the stamp and on J. M. Barrie's letter is the same i.e. 1897."

[The original of this letter can be seen at Arcadia Works.]

*Packed
LONDON
1897.
Opened
KLONDYKE
1943.*

The excise stamp dated 1897—Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the year before the Great Klondyke Gold Rush

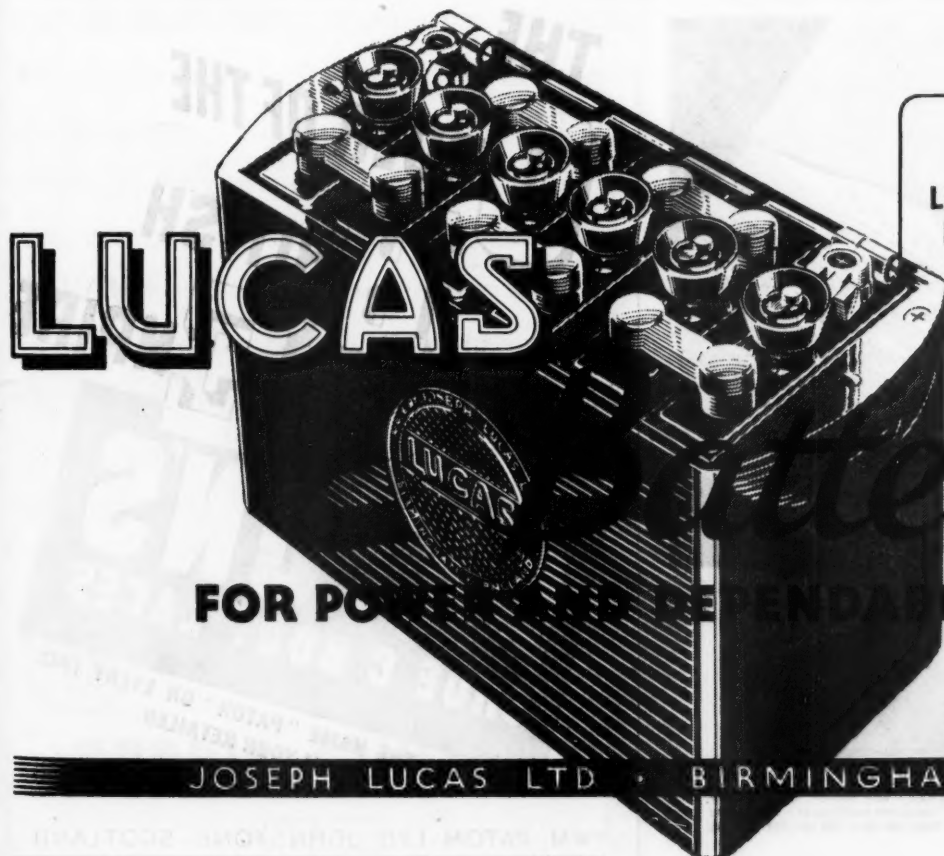
CRAVEN MIXTURE

★ The World's most-travelled TOBACCO

Craven Mixture is the "Arcadia Mixture" in "My Lady Nicotine" immortalised by Sir J. M. Barrie as "A tobacco to live for." Double Broad Cut, Fine Cut, Extra Mild. 2/10½ ounce.

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. (Established 1788), ARCADIA WORKS, LONDON

C.M.96



EVERY
LUCAS BATTERY
HAS TWO YEARS
INSURED LIFE

FOR POWER AND RELIABILITY

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD • BIRMINGHAM • 19

STILL LEADING



★
still made in
seven colours
still obtainable
everywhere
and still the best!

Why risk using any but the best cleaner on your precious Suede shoes today?

Meltonian keeps your suede shoes 'new-looking' longer—soft, fresh and free from shiny spots. All good shoe shops sell and recommend it.

Meltonian

SUEDE CLEANER

In 4 oz. bottles, 1/-

To lengthen the life of shoes of polished leather use MELTONIAN CREAM, but use it sparingly, as in the national interest supplies are restricted.



Threads from the loom of time

PRESERVING A TRADE SECRET

INDUSTRY today is not averse from taking customers behind the scenes; it was very different in the latter half of the 19th century when manufacturing processes were deep and carefully guarded secrets.

At this period Courtaulds silk crapes were at the pinnacle of their popularity, and their designs and processes were both exclusive and inimitable. The firm's partners alone knew the secret of the final finishing which gave these crapes their unique effects. Today the vast Courtaulds enterprise

seeks not to hide but to broadcast the perfections and improvements achieved after years of development.

Despite the present concentration of the Company's full energies on war work, research goes on with unabated vigour. The results will be apparent to everybody when the lovely rayon fabrics, so greatly admired before the war, make their reappearance, more perfect and more serviceable than ever before. There will also be new Courtaulds products to assist in raising standards of life for all.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON



Clarks

OF STREET have retailers in nearly every town. Should this model not be in stock, please choose from the styles that you find available.

THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

PATON'S

SHOE & BOOT LACES

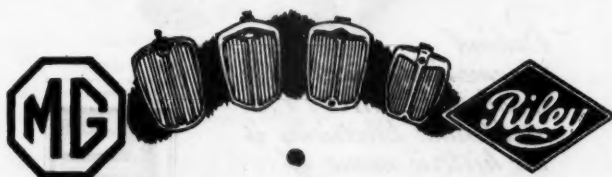
SEE THE NAME "PATON" ON EVERY TAG. FROM YOUR RETAILER.

WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE. SCOTLAND

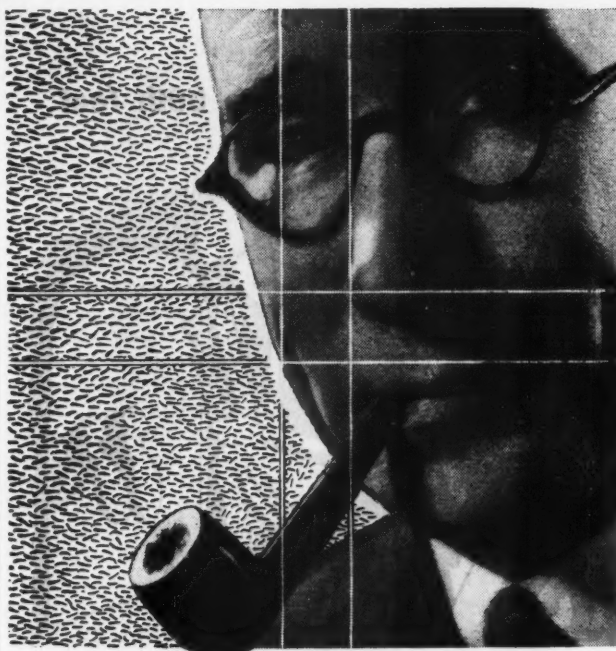


The foremost four

The Morris, the Wolseley, the M.G. and the Riley — Each one of these cars has its own individual characteristics, yet all have this in common: they are triumphs of design, research and engineering. They are products of the Nuffield Organization, now turning its vast resources to speed the wheels of war. With the coming of peace, we shall be prepared to further the advancement of these fine cars by adding to our established skill and knowledge the benefits of technical lessons learned in war.



MORRIS WOLSELEY



A Natural Choice...

and one I've remained loyal to through many a long year—right since the first fill. **FOUR SQUARE** for me every time, because it has no artificial flavouring, but is pure tobacco, made from the best leaf, matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood.

Remember, too, that it is a favourite with the Forces and that you can send it at Duty Free rates to men serving overseas. When you buy your next lot, why not ask your tobacconist all about the Duty Free scheme and arrange for a parcel to be despatched?

FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS

In six different blends, Virginias
and Mixtures, 2/7 & 2/11 per oz.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

and at Saxone
they measure both feet



Men who consider comfort come to Saxone for Footprint shoes.
We measure both feet, which ensures a perfect fit and longer wear.

SAXONE CIVIL AND SERVICE SHOEMAKERS

40 STRAND, 11 CHEAPSIDE, ETC., LONDON • SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

A.2

Good Night!

And a very good night it is if you are sleeping in Simpson pyjamas. Simpsons, having made a special study of pyjamas, offer you a wide choice of pattern in carefully selected materials of different weights. If it's pyjamas you're after, Simpsons is the place!

Simpson
PICCADILLY

SIMPSON (PICCADILLY) LTD., 202, PICCADILLY, W.1. REG. 2002



COOKING *with a difference*

Many a cook has been made famous by adding a little LEMCO BEEF EXTRACT to soups, stews and gravies. It's adding the juices of beef steak.

LEMCO THE ORIGINAL
Concentrated Beef Extract

One pound of LEMCO contains the concentrated juices of over 30 pounds of prime beef.

— PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED, LONDON —



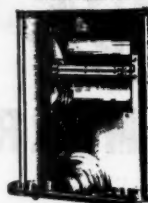
Behind the amenities of modern life stands ELECTRICITY... and behind Electricity is the historic name of...

FERRANTI

PIONEERS IN RADIANT ELECTRIC FIRES and in most other aspects of Electrical Development

FERRANTI LTD. · MOSTON · MANCHESTER · 10
London Office: Kern House, 36, Kingsway, W.C.2.

CORONA
One of the post-war series of
Ferranti Electric Fires




"MY BROTHER JIM'S A FIREMAN BOLD



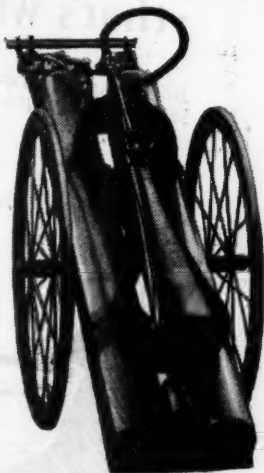
... HE PUTS OUT FIRES"

Fire fighting methods have changed quite a bit since this old song was first heard on the halls. Now, it seems that they can't get along without our old friend the steel tube. This time he's dressed up as an immensely strong steel bottle in which CO₂ (Carbon Dioxide to you chaps in the lower fourth) is kept under pressure. Flames and CO₂ don't get on together and when the gas is released the flames give place. All sizes of steel tubes are made into bottles by the Chesterfield Tube Company.

 An advertisement by Tube Investments Ltd.
for

**The CHESTERFIELD
TUBE COMPANY Ltd**

DERBY RD · CHESTERFIELD



"SECOND TO NONE"

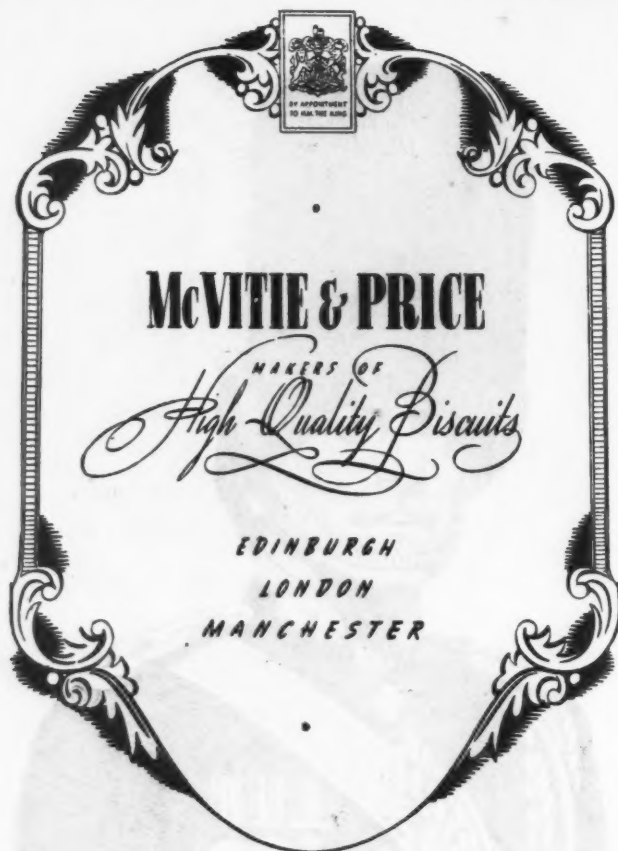
Smoke

GREYS CIGARETTES

*Better and firmer packed with
honest-to-goodness tobacco*

IN TWO SIZES

Standard 20 for 2/4 Big 20 for 3/2



McVITIE & PRICE
MAKERS OF
High Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH
LONDON
MANCHESTER

Remember!
THE "AB" COOKER
IS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



- **Cooking and Water Heating** combined in one unit.
- **Big Fuel Economy** Ensured through automatic fuel feed.
- **Food Values Are Retained** by balanced distribution of heat.
- **High Temperatures Are Available** at a moment's notice.

You Are Invited . . .
to visit the Demonstration Kitchen
at the address below, and see how
the "AB" Cooker works—also get
advice on your war-
time cooking
problems.

Write for Free Illustrated Brochure to:
FEDERATED SALES LIMITED
(Dept. P59) 80, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 5054/6



COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING
(Controlled by Federated Foundries, Ltd.)



When you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Monk & Glass

CUSTARD

**Everybody likes it
-that's why it's so scarce**

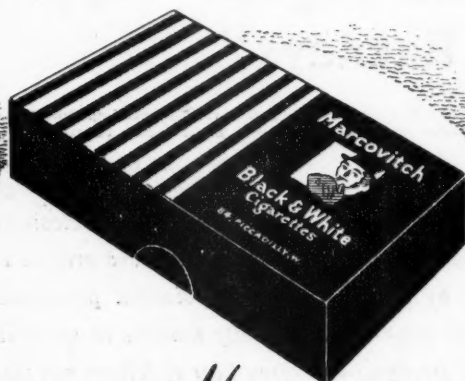
Still the same high quality
Sold by all good grocers.





BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
 cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 2/3 - 25 for 3/9
 100 for 15/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
 2 oz. tin 5/10

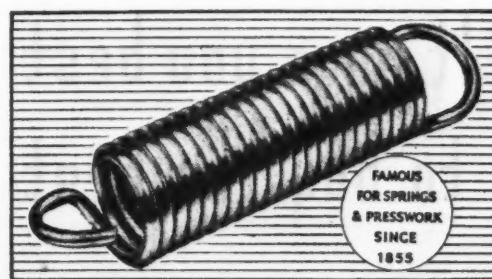
ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD IN THEIR 100th YEAR



R. J. MITCHELL (1895-1937), whose persistent *Researches* and experiments in aerodynamics led to the evolution of the Spitfire fighter which, with the help of the Hurricane, played such a vital role in winning for us "The Battle of Britain."

THERE is a continuous "battle" going on in the engineering laboratory too—a battle of types, of material and design against stresses and strains. At Terry's of Redditch, the "University of Springs," the Research Staff is ever busy solving new technical problems, increasing the efficiency and durability of spring-operated mechanisms, giving engineers and designers the benefit of their 89 years' experience. Consultation with Terry's, preferably while the job is still at the drawing-board stage, is now regarded as a matter of course whenever spring problems have to be overcome.

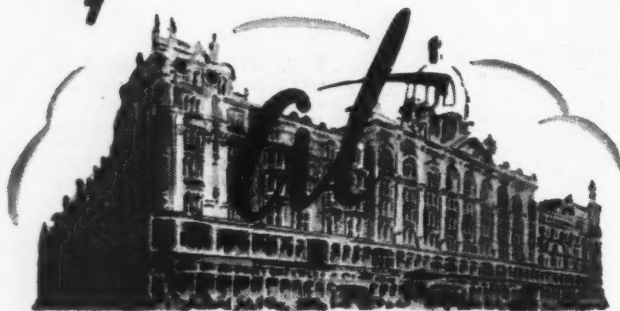
TERRY'S for SPRINGS



HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD.,
 REDDITCH, ENGLAND.

Also at London, Birmingham, Manchester.

Get it



Harrods

It pays you best
to buy the best

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1



**"... thank you for my
most regular supplies
of Barneys"**

[The full letter, from a Capt. in the Wireless Experimental Centre, India Command, can be inspected on request.]

"I must thank you for my most regular supplies of Barneys Tobacco. It is most welcome and as soon as my parcel is known to have arrived I am visited by large numbers of potential pipe-smokers—in the hope—and I usually manage to spare some for my friends. I so often hear of fellows not getting their supplies out from home that I am all the more amazed at mine coming along so well."

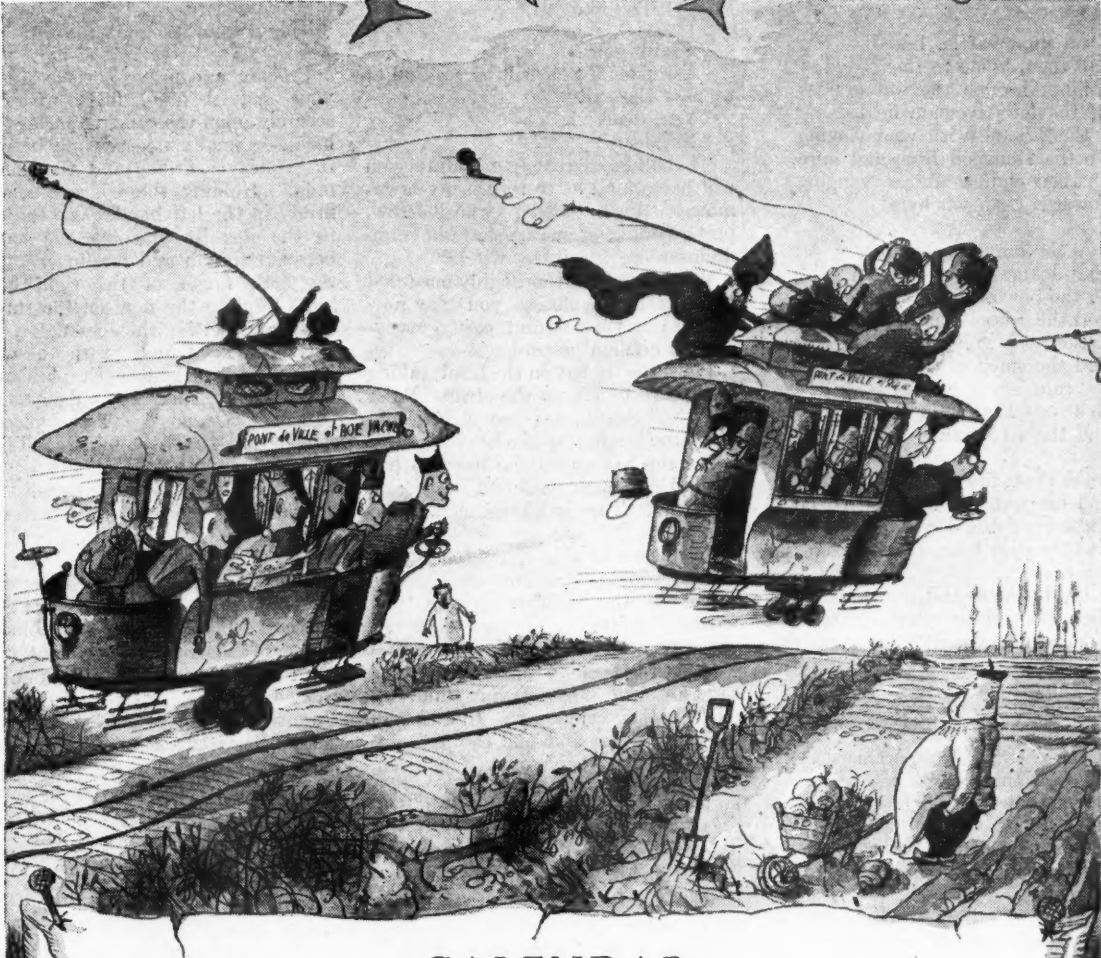
TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

★

Barneys (medium) Punchbowl (full) Parsons Pleasure (mild)
2/9½d. oz.

(278) MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD., BATH LANE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE ®

al m a p n a k 1945



CALENDAR

January	February	March	April	May	June
S . . 7.14.21.28	S . . 4.11.18.25	S . . 4.11.18.25	S 1. 8.15.22.29	S . . 6.13.20.27	S . . 3.10.17.24
M 1. 8.15.22.29	M . . 5.12.19.26	M . . 5.12.19.26	M 2. 9.16.23.30	M . . 7.14.21.28	M . . 4.11.18.25
Tu 2. 9.16.23.30	Tu . . 6.13.20.27	Tu . . 6.13.20.27	Tu 3.10.17.24...	Tu 1. 8.15.22.29	Tu . . 5.12.19.26
W 3.10.17.24.31	W . . 7.14.21.28	W . . 7.14.21.28	W 4.11.18.25...	W 2. 9.16.23.30	W . . 6.13.20.27
Th 4.11.18.25...	Th 1. 8.15.22...	Th 1. 8.15.22.29	Th 5.12.19.26...	Th 3.10.17.24.31	Th . . 7.14.21.28
F 5.12.19.26...	F 2. 9.16.23...	F 2. 9.16.23.30	F 6.13.20.27...	F 4.11.18.25...	F 1. 8.15.22.29
S 6.13.20.27...	S 3.10.17.24...	S 3.10.17.24.31	S 7.14.21.28...	S 5.12.19.26...	S 2. 9.16.23.30
July	August	September	October	November	December
S 1. 8.15.22.29	S . . 5.12.19.26	S 2. 9.16.23.30	S . . 7.14.21.28	S . . 4.11.18.25	S 2. 9.16.23.30
M 2. 9.16.23.30	M . . 6.13.20.27	M 3.10.17.24...	M 1. 8.15.22.29	M . . 5.12.19.26	M 3.10.17.24.31
Tu 3.10.17.24.31	Tu . . 7.14.21.28	Tu 4.11.18.25...	Tu 2. 9.16.23.30	Tu . . 6.13.20.27	Tu 4.11.18.25...
W 4.11.18.25...	W 1. 8.15.22.29	W 5.12.19.26...	W 3.10.17.24.31	W . . 7.14.21.28	W 5.12.19.26...
Th 5.12.19.26...	Th 2. 9.16.23.30	Th 6.13.20.27...	Th 4.11.18.25...	Th 1. 8.15.22.29	Th 6.13.20.27...
F 6.13.20.27...	F 3.10.17.24.31	F 7.14.21.28...	F 5.12.19.26...	F 2. 9.16.23.30	F 7.14.21.28...
S 7.14.21.28...	S 4.11.18.25...	S 1. 8.15.22.29...	S 6.13.20.27...	S 3.10.17.24...	S 1. 8.15.22.29...

Calling on the Cattle

THE lasses gang to fetch the kye,
And "Hurly, hurly, hurly!"
cry—
The bestial come, and come would I.

* * * * *

Call on your cattle, lasses!
Call them home to their bield,
Brushing through the wet grasses
Of the low riverside field;
Call them home with your singing
Up the Dungeon Brae and mire
With their clumsy rumps swinging
Towards Craigoch byre.

That's the familiar gloaming
That I knew when I was a lad,
With the pigeon to Falaird homing
And the school-children on the pad,
And the pony going up to the stable,
And the smell of the larches in the
rain,
High tea at the factor's table,
And the 4.15 train,

And the Scots firs sticky and pithy,
And the water in the blocked pens,
And the fire dying down in the smithy,
And the eggs being filched from the
hens,
And the foresters and the keepers,
Their boots heavy with loam,
And the railwaymen walking on the
sleepers,
All going home.

Call on your cattle clearly!
In the evening home seems near.
God knows that I love it dearly,
And perhaps I shall hear—
Perhaps, in bivouac or battle,
One evening it may befall,
I shall hear you calling on the
cattle—
Carrick voices calling on the cattle—
And I shall come to your call.

o o

How to be a Civilian

(Advice to those about to be
demobilized)

IHAVE not yet been demobilized
and therefore have not learned
from actual experience how to
become a civilian again. It would,
however, be merely naïve to suggest
in the present phase of twentieth-
century literature that ignorance of
the subject is an obstacle to publication.
Here then is my *Short Guide to the
Aftermath of Demobilization*, by Charles

Bugglesworth, author of *Hamlet in
Five Minutes*:—

So you are going to become a
civilian, soldier?

First learn a few useful phrases:

"After you."

"What lovely weather we are having
for the time of year."

"Please."

"Thank you."

"I wonder if you will be so kind as
to pass the salt?"

"Yes, dear."

"No, dear."

"I shall be extremely grateful if you
will be so kind as to return my lawn-
mower (fork, spade, wheelbarrow,
pint of milk, stair-carpet, radiogram,
dining-room furniture, wife)."

When you have thoroughly mastered
these everyday phrases you may now
practise a typical and easily recog-
nizable civilian gesture.

Place the tin hat on the head, taking
great care to lift up the strap. Raise
the right hand, not too stiffly, and
grasp the forepart of the hat ("brim").
Raise the hat above the head with a
single brisk movement and replace on
the skull. This is known as **RAISING
THE HAT**.

A gesture of this character is per-
formed, roughly speaking, on occasions
when, in the military sphere, you
would "salute." It is, however,
entirely voluntary. If you should
chance to meet a former military
superior you may, if you think fit,
neglect this ceremony. Indeed you
may go further and pull the hat con-
temptuously over your eyes, or even,
in extreme cases, pull *his* hat over *his*
eyes.

Caution: Do not practise this latter
gesture until you have actually left
the Service and have made quite sure
that your demobilization papers are
all in order.

When, however, you have tried it
out in civil life you will experience
a great light-heartedness of spirit, a
sense of spiritual exaltation. This will
give you confidence and you will say
"What fun to be a civilian!"

Next, take a small card; the common
playing-card will do. Place it inside
your battle-dress. Walk briskly
through an open door and, as you
reach the threshold, half extract the
card from the battle-dress, taking care,
however, that it cannot be clearly
seen by even the most conscientious
observer. As you do so, mutter
"Good night," or equivalent phrase.

This is known as **SHOWING THE
SEASON**.

Note to Naval Personnel: This has

no relation to "showing the flag."
That is done in civilian life on special
occasions, but never in the suburbs.

Take a hedge. Place yourself at one
side of the hedge and station a comrade
at the other side of the hedge. Discuss
(a) politics (b) cricket (c) a third party
(d) woman.

This is known as **GARDENING**.

Procure a concave surface. Place
your enamel mug, filled with tea,
securely upon the concave surface and
balance a small spoon carefully between
the concave surface and the enamel
mug. Holding the concave surface
firmly in the left hand, raise the mug
to the lips by grasping the handle
between thumb and forefinger. Cock
the little finger of the right hand.
Sip. Replace the mug on the surface
without upsetting the spoon.

Repeat. Laugh with assumed
jollity, and try out such phrases as
"Indeed!" "But how delightful!"
"Plenty, thanks." "Two, please."
"Well, now I really think I shall have
to be going."

This will prepare you, mentally and
physically, for **GOING OUT TO AFTER-
NOON TEA**.

Finally, settle down comfortably
in a saddlebag arm-chair. Relax the
muscles. Place an obliging comrade
("Oppo," as you say now, but must
learn *not* to say) in a hard straight-
backed chair.

Cultivating an urbane manner and
laughing heartily at your own experi-
ences, trot out all your war stories,
taking care to repeat each story several
times. Great subtlety is required, since
under a veil of modesty it is desired
subtly to convey the impression that
you are the man who won the war.
Throughout your discourse fix your
victim carefully with the eye to
prevent his escaping (i.e., "pulling
out").

Whenever you refer to your life in
the Service let your voice assume a
mellow, almost nostalgic, note.

This at present may be *difficult*.
You may indeed detect, at such
affectionate references to the Service,
a look of alarmed surprise in the eyes
of your "Oppo."

Do not despair, however. Nostalgia
will come. In time. . . .

o o

Fair's Fair.

"Found, Purse, containing notes, silver,
Karangahape Rd., Tuesday; owner may
have some by paying cost of advert."

Advt. in N.Z. paper.



"... and then, by some freak of chance, the whole room went dead quiet just as this poor ass was saying—



'Who on earth is that ghastly-looking female?' "

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE next Fragment was caused by an enterprise of B. Smith's, and an Institute of Psychology is what this enterprise was. It was quicker than the kind that works by post, as he used the telephone and rang up his customers in turn, this costing a few pence for a lesson which netted him half a guinea or what the client could afford—usually the latter. From this of course he had to deduct the cost of advertising. He dealt with difficulties not usually covered, and newspaper readers saw in bold type: "Prevent People Flinching When They Meet Your Eye," "Cultivate a Shy and Diffident Charm: Let the World Protect You," or "Promotion Means More Work and More Worry: Escape Your Boss's Notice and Live a Carefree Life." One day somebody called on us to inspect the testimonials B. Smith had rashly proclaimed to be on view to one and all. It was vitally necessary, therefore, to keep his attention occupied while such were composed, and with great kindness I volunteered to distract him; but as we had no cards in the house and he had a conscientious objection to tricks with coins I was reduced to tying two slates together and writing a Fragment inside them, and this I did mainly by conjuring.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG: A TALE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE

(The scene is Sherwood Forest.)

- LITTLE JOHN. Why can't we capture any umbrellas? This drip, drip, drip through the leaves is responsible for half our rheumatism.
- ROBIN HOOD. Well, we've all got goloshes now, that's something.
- LITTLE JOHN. They don't stop the rain from going down the back of your neck.
- ALLAN-A-DALE. I do wish that Lincoln Green was a really fast dye.
- WILL SCARLET. I wish you would have Maid Marian taught to cook properly. This is no time for cold venison and salad. We want good heating foods.
- ROBIN HOOD. I agree she is a bit weak on calories, but her vitamins are fine.
- FRIAR TUCK. Can't we disguise ourselves as something and go and sit comfortably in Nottingham Castle. It may be draughty, but at least the roof doesn't leak.
- LITTLE JOHN. We've tried everything there is. We've been Pilgrims and returned Crusaders, and beggars, and mummers, and an embassy from the King of Norway, and you know what happened last time.
- ROBIN HOOD. Well, it was a good idea; judges *do* go on circuit. I've often heard of it. It was just that twenty-five turned out to be rather more than usual.

Enter a guard with two captives

- ROBIN HOOD. How now, my merry men. What fish have you caught in your net this time?
- LEADER OF THE GUARD. If you mean us, we've picked up a couple of wayfarers, but, as usual, they say they have got no money, so I suppose we shall have to feed them.
- LITTLE JOHN. Well, we don't give this lot any goloshes. There are some limits, you know.
- ROBIN HOOD. Ssh! Remember our reputation for hospitality. Good welcome, honest sirs. What are ye yclept?
- CAPTIVES. Eh?

WILL SCARLET. What's yer names?

CAPTIVES. Dickon and Fortescue, may it please you.

Enter MAID MARIAN, hurriedly

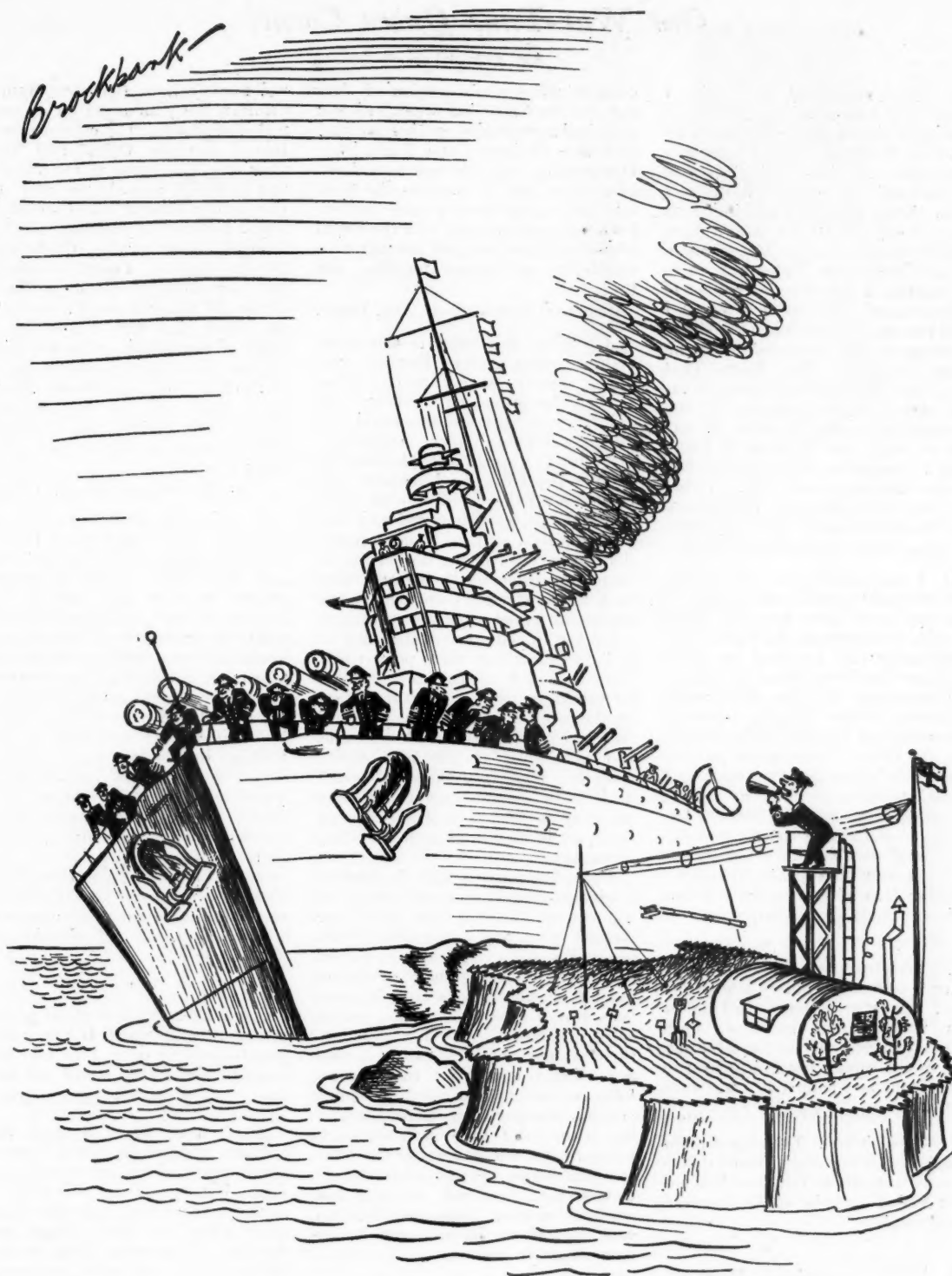
- MAID MARIAN. Oh, I have only just heard we have visitors. Now you must just come and sit down by me and tell me all about yourselves.
- LITTLE JOHN. Have you by any chance found time to prepare a meal?
- MAID MARIAN. I've made some little jellies, but they haven't set yet.
- FRIAR TUCK. It can only be a matter of minutes on an evening like this.
- DICKON. I think perhaps we ought to be moving on.
- ROBIN HOOD. Nonsense. If we find a benighted wayfarer we always succour him. It's a matter of principle. To-night you shall share our mossy couch, and in the morning, after a cool draught from the spring, wend your way with our good wishes.
- FORTESCUE. Do you find you make robbery pay?
- ROBIN HOOD. Certainly not. We rob the rich and we give to the poor, charging only expenses. In time of course the local poor become rich, when we reverse the process. I assure you we're all as busy as bees. We have a simply grand time.
- DICKON. In that case it does not sound as if I shall have much success in my mission, which is to enlist some stouthearted fellows in the King's service.
- WILL SCARLET. Bivouac or barracks?
- FORTESCUE. You live in the Tower of London and show visitors round. You walk in the procession at coronations. If there are more than two a year you get overtime. You also assist the executioners when they are short-handed.
- ROBIN HOOD. Thank you very much for your kind offer, but that is not at all the kind of thing we care for. We are all what you might call the "out-of-doors type." We believe in the natural development of personality. We've got a testimonial from A. S. Neill.
- LITTLE JOHN. Good evening, Hood. This sounds a good thing and I'm on to it.
- [The robbers enthusiastically join DICKON and FORTESCUE, leaving ROBIN HOOD and MAID MARIAN exhibiting pained restraint.]*
- MAID MARIAN. Never mind. We'll have a special treat to-night. I'll break the ice and get up a bottle of claret from the pond.

FINIS

You-Have-Been-Warned Corner

"Pasture is the natural source of milk, via the cow. English pastures are inadequate in winter for cows in milk, and the concentrated cake which farmers formerly used is in short supply. The farmer must provide as much food as possible for his herd, and ensilage—more familiarly 'silago'—is part of his answer. Harvesters will thus notice near dairies a concrete or wooden tower, heaped with dried grass. Alternatively it may be an erection of poles, square-mesh wire-netting and proofed paper. Grass is cut and poured into this, and watered with molasses. The air is kept out as much as possible, and the mixture presses down into a black, cheesy, vile-smelling mess which cattle relish. Much of it will be served out as school milk during the winter."

Teachers' World.



"... and please consider yourselves honorary members of the mess while you are here."

Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. Born and bred in Wells, I cannot help feeling rather out of my element in billets here—Drynastrathmuirloch, Scotland, when I hear talk of bawbees, provosts, butts and bens, etc., and see shop windows full of oat-cakes, tartan novelties and imitation sprigs of white heather. Also a piper on the floor above plays "Aye, Waukin' O," and every time I step out on to the landing I trip over a couple of curling-stones. This, needless to say, I could put up with, but when the Ulster gentleman in the converted box-room begins intoning "The Harp That Once," and the Welsh bartender at the local shows me on the quiet picture postcards of young women in tall hats drinking tea in front of Cader Idris, I sometimes feel as though my ego was being tampered with. In what way can the ordinary Englishman away from home assert his nationality?

(Gnr.) GEO. WENTLETRAP, R.A.

A. I can understand the feeling that one ought to cultivate an aura of roast beef and roses, but I'm afraid the wise artilleryman does not court unpopularity by insisting on point steak, nor does he go about in uniform with anything of the Viscountess Folkestone variety hanging from one buttonhole and the Hon. Edith Gifford from the other. It might be possible of course to induce one's parents to get themselves photographed in smock, hob-nailed boots and sun-bonnet, but it is my belief that a sufficient means of national identification is simply the employment of the adjective "English" in designation of all matters relevant to these islands as a united power.

* * * * *

Q. Despite repeated raids involving one or two little incendiary bombs and worse, our stirrup-pump had never been moved from its hook until yesterday when we cut for table use some of the runner beans entwined in it. Can this be equalled as a war-time record?

(Mrs.) NELLIE TIPPING.

A. I fear it can. The step-nephew by marriage of our office cleaner drives the only taxicab in London that has never carried a member of the American armed forces.

* * * * *

Q. Could you suggest anything new in the way of grocery-store sports? It has hitherto been our custom at Taystibitz, Limited, to perform an

outdoor pantomimic version of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, but what with our principal boy unable to get her dentures in before Christmas and Fairy Bluebell working overtime now as a sheet-iron roller, not to mention the front legs of the cow down a mine and the back legs roof-spotting with the Royal Observer Corps, we feel we might be unable to get things together this time.

ALFRED HASOCK (Assis. Veg. Dep.).

A. What you need is something with a strong grocery flavour, combining brawn with brains. Thus a laughter-provoking novelty for ordinary counter assistants would be a "coupon-snipping" race, competitors first hunting through an ankle-deep pile of fake paper-bags and counter oddments for a pair of scissors with which they cut out seven hundred and fifty imitation food coupons from an imitation ration book (along dotted line or snipper is disqualified), then speeding back to the starting-point where they enumerate twenty-four times without a slip the tinned goods which may be had on points and their point-value. With cash-desk employees this might be varied to coupon "sorting," each employee upon a given signal making for a high stool, marked with her name, and proceeding to pile into groups upon her knee four thousand mixed A, B and C points coupons. Further fun may be had if a strong electric fan is set in motion as soon as sorting commences.

For older males I like the idea of a window-dressing competition to see who can get the best effect with three dummy boxes and a handful of dried peas. For still older males, or indeed for anyone, weighing out a number of pounds of sugar into a split bag can be a riot if attempted in the proper spirit. On the other hand, a "dodging-the-customer" obstacle race will hold a particular appeal for the younger folk, and events may wind up with a pencil-and-paper competition in which the entire staff take part, the idea being to see who can make the most comprehensive list of grocery-store clichés—e.g., You had your egg last week; You must remember there's a war on; If we haven't got it, we haven't got it, etc.

* * * * *

Q. When I was a girl in Lesser Wilting there used to be a very strong

well-made cannon (left over from the Crimean War) mounted on an ornate pedestal covering the entrance to the Inland Revenue Office, and also a glass case containing an old straw hat and umbrella, once the property of the Boer leader, Kruger, in the hall of what is now a home for inebriate gentlefolk brought hither by Mr. Gladstone in the late 'nineties. I seem to remember too a sort of bronze plaque on the wall of the old Noughts and Crosses inn to the effect that this was where the Duke of Monmouth and a few friends stopped for a stirrup-cup on the way to the battle of Sedgemoor. Do you think there will be any reminders of the more homely side of this war dotted about our towns and villages years hence?

MÉLISANDE HOOPY (Miss).

A. There are houses of refreshment nowadays that might boast of whole platoons stopping for a cup on the way back from Home Guard manoeuvres. Others, I dare say, will be fully entitled to fame as favourite rallying points for fire-watchers, while in many localities I can imagine simple stone tablets let into wall or pavement with some such legend as—*Upon this site was formed, on the 5th of May, 1943, the longest fish-queue ever seen in Lesser Wilting; or, In this window was displayed to the British public the first round of Spam ever released in the United Kingdom; or, again, To the memory of those four days and nights spent in a surface shelter by twenty bourgeois of Gadforth and their families after the sounding of the All Clear had passed unnoticed during the final round of the Gadforth and district darts championship.*

* * * * *

Q. What is all this about portable houses after the war? If I've told my grand-daughter once I've told her a hundred times they won't get me in one.

E. BUSHY-HIGGY (Mrs.).

A. I have heard a good many epithets applied to those homes in which some of us are to enjoy the peace, but "portable" was never one of them. However, I should set your mind at rest, Mrs. Bushy-Higgy, as the dwellings in question being primarily for the newly-wed, your statement relative to whom you have repeatedly made clear your opinion would seem to rule you out of this class. I should

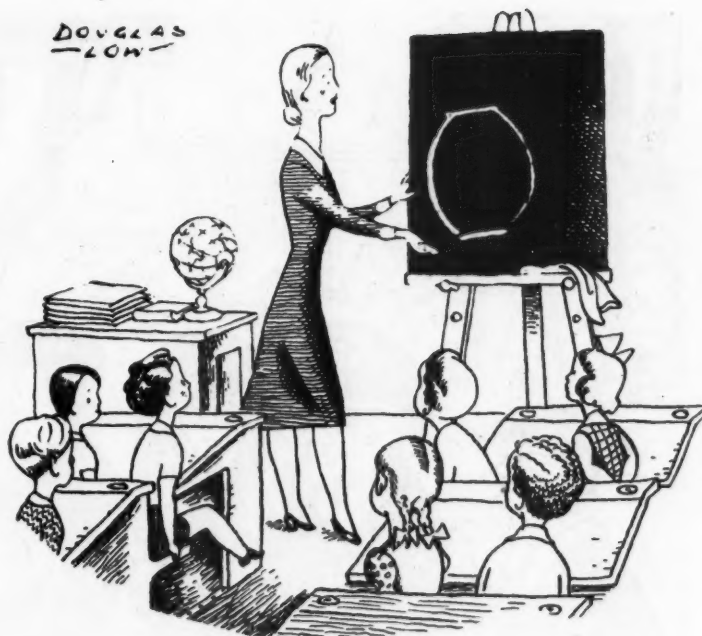
imagine your spiritual home to be something of the semi-flat type—garden on roof, ash-bucket on the fire-escape below.

* * * * *

Q. During last month's visit to town for meetings of the Society for the Investigation of Clerical Phenomena accompanied by my wife, I made the discovery that repeated queueing for lunches was making us just a wee bit food-conscious. It has always seemed to me one of the outstanding differences between ourselves and the brute beasts of creation that the truly cultured human is capable of ignoring the incidence of a meal, sitting down to meat as though here were something to be disposed of summarily for the support of life and vigour, not savoured and lingered over in the manner of a sybaritic orgy. Imagine then my discomfiture at all this planning ahead, this scheming and counter-scheming, this short-circuiting of equally determined acquaintances, etc., and *all for food!* The indecency of standing in line awaiting one's turn to feed like so many milch cows! Mentioning as much to Mrs. Whittle-le-Wood, I was a little shocked when she said that in that case why did we not make use of the second-hand oil stove she had been carrying round all week in a string bag and cook ourselves something nourishing right there on the pavement outside the Conway Hall? I laughingly repudiated her suggestion, not wishing, as a cleric, to invite unwelcome publicity, but it would be interesting to know what law, if any, we would be breaking should we be forced to resort to something of the kind when up for the September conference of the Flautists' Union.

Rev. O. WHITTLE-LE-WOOD.

A. To convert to one's own use a pavement legally the property of another is termed a "tort," and unless you can prove yourself to be either a reigning monarch or a foreign ambassador such a conversion would undoubtedly constitute an offence. A foreign ambassador may not be sued in tort for the simple reason that one cannot expect *everyone* to look at pavements, etc., in quite the way we British look at them. Reigning monarchs are also free to indulge in torts if so inclined, though they do not, as a class, give trouble of the type under discussion. In your case there could be no objection to your cooking food in a public thoroughfare, provided you kept *on the move* while doing so (and also confined your activities to week-days, or you might find yourselves liable under the Sunday Entertainments Act).



"Round, and slightly flat on both ends, rather like the world.
That's the best way I can describe an orange."

Otherwise your only course would be to mount the oil stove on some species of hand vehicle, obtain a hawker's permit and try to pass yourselves off as a couple of itinerant cooked-food vendors.

* * * * *

Q. Whilst aiding my butcher husband with the black-pudding fillings last Thursday I happened to pass the remark that there would not be much of a collection for our Final Salvage Drive, starting on the Monday, as everything had been fetched out during our last, and last but one, final salvage drives. A young lad apprenticed to butchering with us (Abel Rushbottom by name) was noticed to state under his breath that there was plenty to be fetched out still if you knew where to go for it. I said "Pardon me, but there is not," and the matter then dropped until yesterday when Abel's mother, a Mrs. Rushbottom, came into the shop.

"You'll have to give our Abel a day off, because he's up at town hall," she said. "They're learning him how to be thanked by mayor and corporation for being Whelkside's No. 1 Salvage collector." The words were no sooner out of her mouth than the lady from the baby-linen next door looked in to say did we know about the Little Widport front-door and vestibule outrage?

According to a lady who cleaned at the High-Class Slip-In on the corner, not only had all buckets of water standing in vestibules in Albert Place been found missing, but door-knockers and letter-box flaps had been pulled off right down Pidduck Street and Coronation Terrace. Neither Mr. Brisket nor I have said anything yet as we do not quite know what had better be done. As it's for the nation, is it all right?

(Mrs.) BONA BRISKET.

A. It is all right for the nation but tiresome for the owners of front-door and vestibule accessories, and for this I am afraid you and Mr. B. are largely to blame. A happy man does not wrench off people's letter-box flaps, Mrs. Brisket; thus I am convinced that if butchering had been made brighter and more colourful for Abel by his employers, those buckets and knockers would never have left their vestibules. My advice is that you now concentrate on making young Rushbottom feel more at home among the carcasses. Let him indulge his fancy in sausage-filling, let him express himself freely with the offal, encourage wide-arm movements with the hatchet and cleaver. After all, what is a botched sirloin compared with the liberation of a cramped libido?



"Then, I think, we'll attack with the Fourth Cruiser Squadron preceded by units of the Tenth Minesweeping Flotilla."



"I offered £10,000, but you've got to be destitute to get in here."

Toller Applies

To Hamlet B. Smith, Theatrical Agent

SIR,—I would ask you to put me down on your lists for employment on conclusion of hostilities. I understand that parts and contracts are normally negotiated by interview, but this for me, as you will appreciate, is at the moment impossible except perhaps through the medium of an artist known to you at present serving on the French front with Ensa.

In this connection you may know an artist called Miss Faery Swansdown, who does a type of semi-ballet number—unfortunately influenced by the wind when she appeared on this sector recently, this artist leaping high, being caught in a flurry of gusty rain and falling into the arms of 2/Lt Stookley, who has since refused an introduction.

Should the exigencies of the service allow, I would be willing during a rest period (for which we are shortly due) to contact this artist and render selected passages from Shakespeare on which she could submit a confidential report to yourselves. Perhaps you will like to write to Miss Swansdown on this subject, at the same time letting me know her address, as I understand she has changed concert parties and 2/Lt Stookley refuses to help in the matter.

Prior to entering the services and maintaining my position for four years as an Army officer, I had considerable experience of acting, taking part in a Greek play while at school when I discovered a faculty for tiding over awkward moments with gagging, such as the moment when a boy playing with a frog accidentally caused a written crib of my part to fall down the inside of my trousers and I was compelled to conjugate a verb in lieu of a dramatic soliloquy.

The ability to overcome stage-fright and keep my head was also proved in an open-air Shakespearean play, performed by moonlight on a grassy sward surrounded by bushes, since in the character of Demetrius I was in pursuit of Lysander with a sword through the bushes, calling, to the best of my recollection, "Where art thou, vile Lysander?" when this actor became entangled in a slight thicket so that unintentionally I ran the sword, which was of a Malay variety borrowed from the owner of the house, sharply into his rear, at the same time myself tripping on a root and spraining my ankle so that the stage was left vacant. This called for a considerable amount of gagging off during which I attempted

to sustain the situation by crying out expressions such as "Vile Lysander," "Base fellow for stealing fair Hermia," "Roguish varlet," "Avaunt, you lily-livered boy," until unfortunately I was hit over the head by a small branch, Lysander not realizing the conversation as part of the play.

Although my preference is for playing Shakespeare I should be willing to take other parts, and have in fact portrayed Joseph Surface in amateur theatricals in aid of a church fund, the only difficulty being in regard to stockings, the suspension part of a belt I had borrowed snapping suddenly in a love scene; but this would doubtless be overcome in a professional production.

Should there be no vacancies in straight plays I am prepared to try vaudeville and musical shows, and in this connection would suggest some act recalling the audience to their soldiering days, such as a property armoured car driving on the stage and the commander in the turret asking a French peasant in English how far it is to the Belgian frontier and the peasant replying in Polish, since he is in fact escaping from conscription with the German forces. Considerable further amusement could be caused by the commander talking in code on the wireless to another vehicle, which turns out to be only the other side of the hedge—this would be part of the scenery—and finally the act would end by a pretty farm girl running out from

a farm with a bouquet of roses which she throws at the commander, hitting him on the ear.

I am specially qualified to present vaudeville acts from experience of organizing military training demonstrations, while generally Army work has contributed to my theatrical value, as on the recent occasion when 2/Lt Stookley and I were called on to make impromptu speeches of liberation to a French village; while, on the question of travelling long distances with touring companies, I am accustomed to the gipsy mode of life from four years in the field, in special from our existence of the past few days, when we might equally have travelled from the Bristol Hippodrome to an engagement at the Old Vic bearing a full load of props.

For the portrayal of character studies, I have met all types of male characters during the war years, although not having had altogether the desired facility for understanding feminine natures, opportunity for which, however, it is hoped will recur in better quantity on release from the service, a desire shared by 2/Lt Stookley who has unfortunately lost the companionship of an American nurse with whom he planned to grow cotton in South Carolina and is now involved in a pathetic one-sided idyll with Miss Faery Swansdown as mentioned above.

In the matter of make-up, I recently took part in a foot patrol at night when patrol members made up to the exact replicas of pirates, down to blackened faces, cap comforters worn as piratical night-caps, knives and soft shoes. I can also make up successfully as a Fifth Column peasant, performed on exercises in England (although these have not materialized in the present campaign), when I tied string round the knees of an old pair of flannel trousers, carried a pitchfork, said "Ur," and unfortunately got attached to a farm where I overstayed the end of the exercise stacking hay.

From this you will gather I am a theatrical type with promise of making good in the profession. Perhaps you will not address any reply c/o the Commanding Officer, as from a military point of view this application strictly is premature, and a recent communication from a detective agency anxious to secure my services after the war has caused some complication and embarrassment.

Yours faithfully,

B.L.A.

J. TOLLER, Lt.



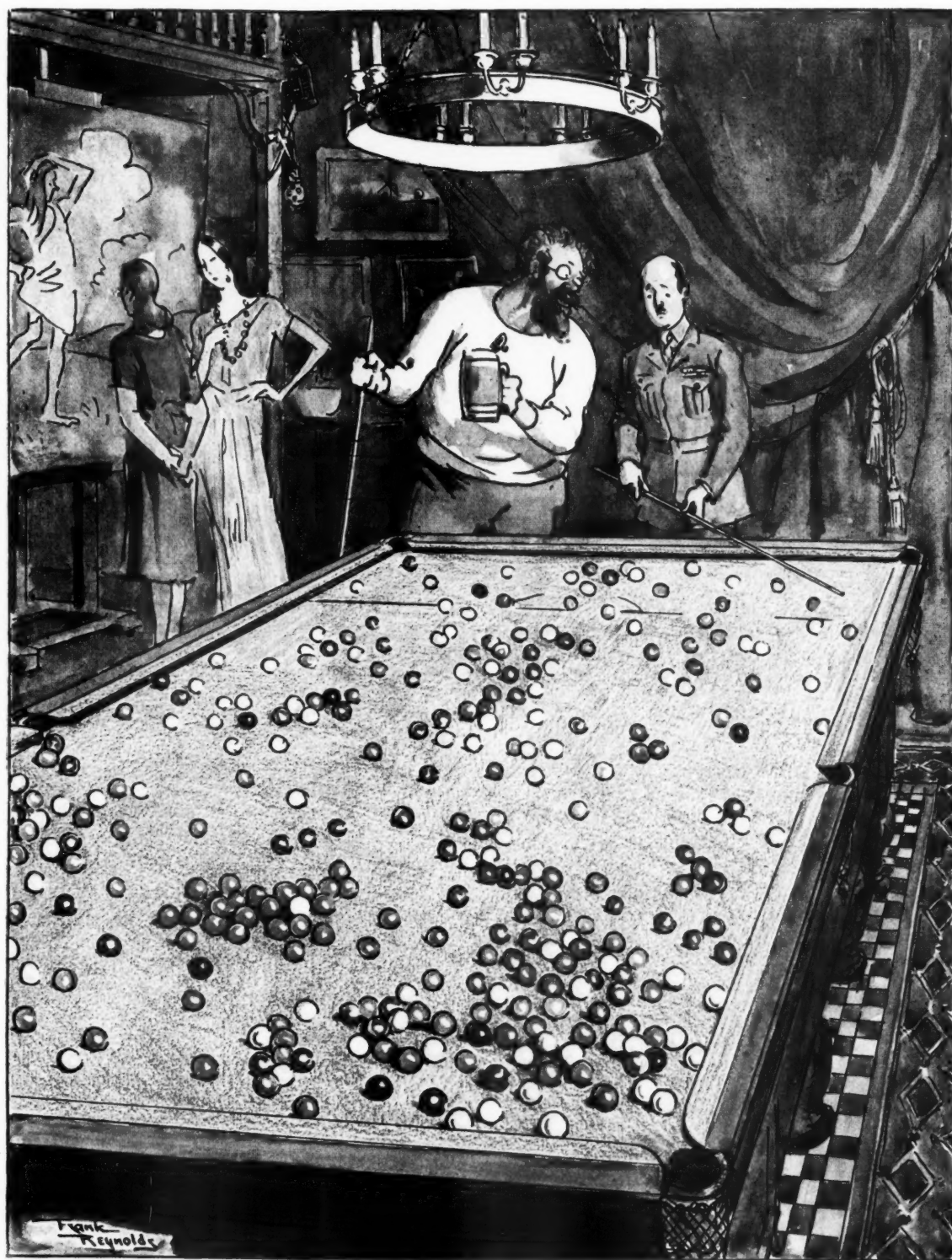
"... only ten pounds for this dirty piece of well-worn linoleum?"



"Well! You remember back in the summer we lent Pentwiddle Junction an engine and we never thought we'd get it back . . ."



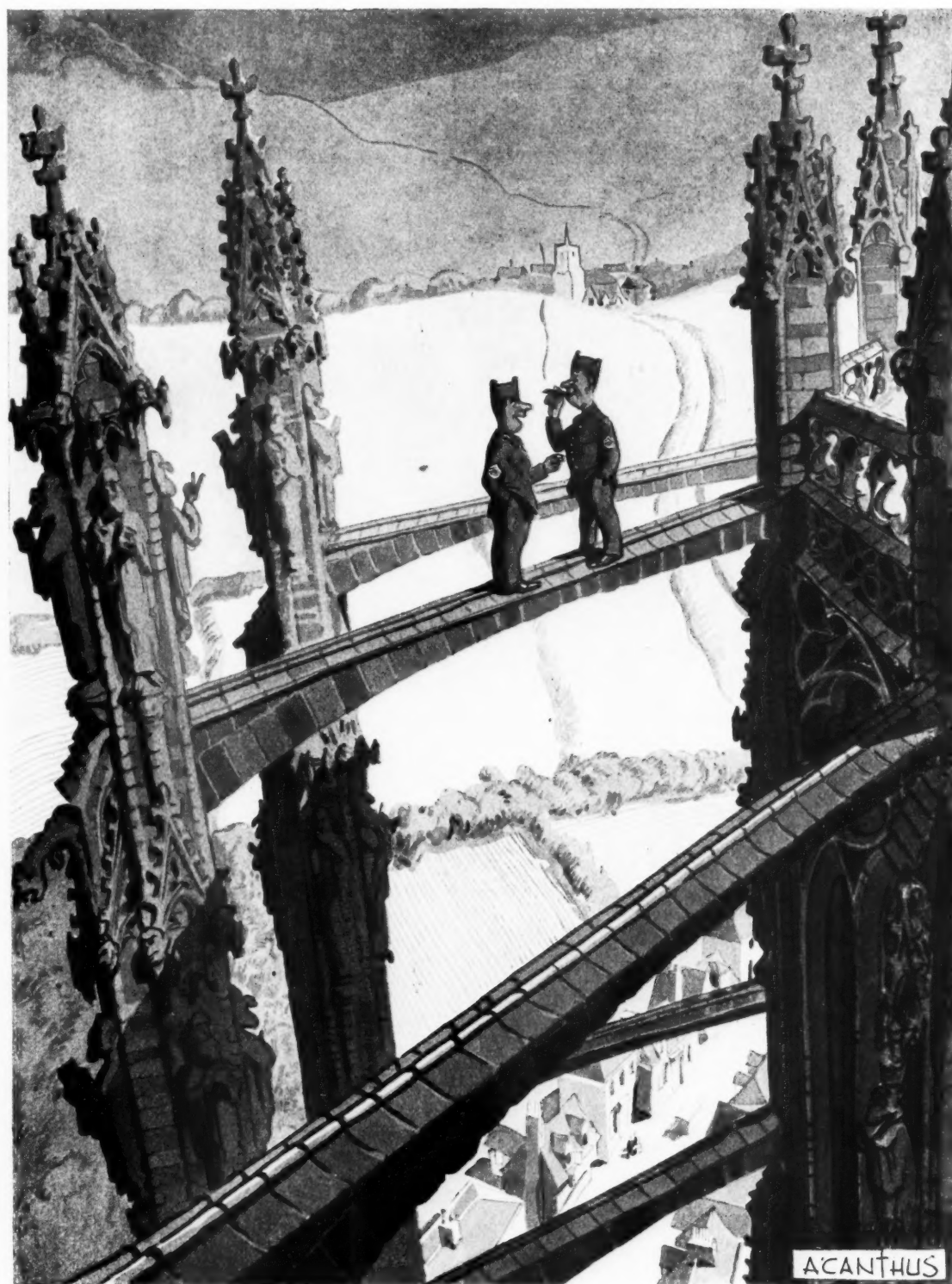
"I wonder what hackneyed excuse the Browns will hatch up for not coming THIS time."



"Of course it isn't Snooker, but it's jolly colour!"



"And why shouldn't I be bappy? That's my cold tea in that champagne bottle up there."

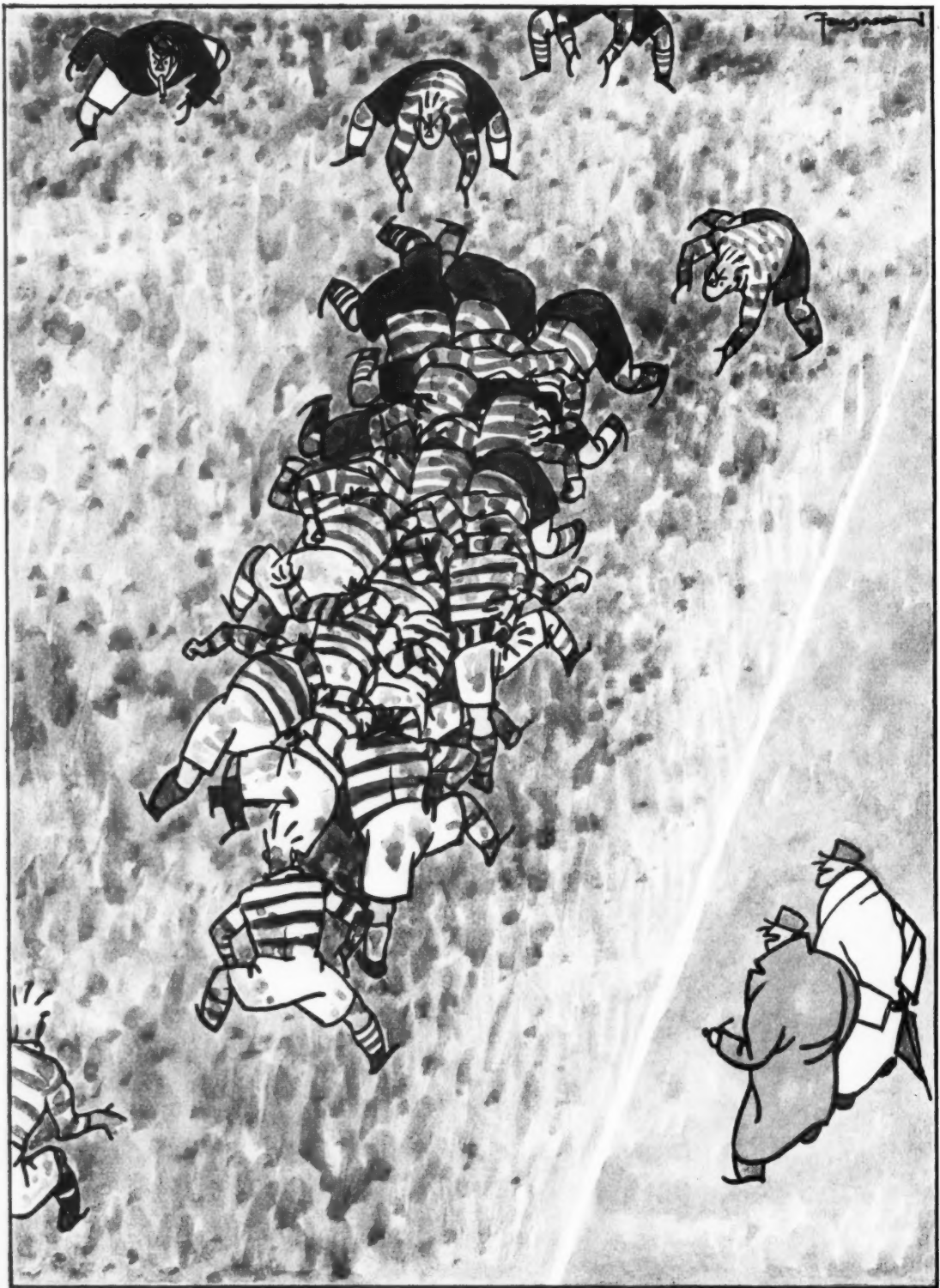


"Say, it's grand to meet another steel-frame erector."





"Dear Mr. Middleton . . ."



"Quite like peace-time once more, isn't it?"

The Phoney Phleet

H.M.S. "Dunsinane"

THE blood of Percy Indigo
Was different from other men's
Descending, as you ought to know,
From generations of Wrens,
It held more salt,
Looked more cobalt,
Was instinct with tradition to a fault.

So when his ship the *Dunsinane*
Encountered *Schwerpunkt*, whom she whacked,
The urge in Percy's dark-blue brain
Was to commemorate the fact
In some such way
As would display
That naval victories are there to stay.

He gave the matter careful thought,
Being a conscientious bloke,
And then concluded that he ought
To plant an adolescent oak.
And what would be
A fitter tree?
And where a fitter place than Turret C?

It grew at a fantastic lick,
Just like a super runner-bean,
Deriving an abnormal kick
From rooting in the magazine.
(You'll understand
Things *do* expand
When fed on T.N.T. instead of sand.)

How welcome was its summer shade,
The way it graced some squalid port!
Think of the camouflage it made,
Its rich facilities for sport—

I mean for swings,
Trapezes, rings,
Bird-nesting, carpentry and other things.

And, mind you, it was useful too—
In that respect it didn't fail.
For instance, when the breezes blew
It formed a most efficient sail;
And if some stroke
Of fortune broke
E.g., a mast, one always had the oak.

Their lordships are tradition-bound
(I mean, at least, that's what I'm told)
And any new idea that's found,
Like planting oak-trees, leaves them cold.
F. Drake or Hood,
They argued, would
Have used the notion if it had been good.

And then the *Dunsinane* got sunk,
And Whitehall said "We *told* you so."
The crew, however, climbed the trunk
And saved their lives. This seemed to show
That cash for boats
And rafts and floats
Might well be saved. Which got their
lordships' votes.

Thus every ship that sails the seas
Will, in the next-but-one Great War,
Plant small commemorative trees
Each time they give the Hun what for,
And Percy's name
Go down to fame
As being the first chap to think of same.



"Go—and never darken my Portal again!"



"Susan! I suppose these ARE our stockings?"

No News is Good News.

CAN THE HENS TELL?

A HEN on a farm near Brighton has laid an egg which bears on its shell the words "War Ends 1945." There was no further information given, either on the shell or inside, unless it was written in some secret ink which defied the farmer's skill, but the next day another hen laid an egg which said "How on earth did you find out?" To which the first hen replied (by egg, as usual) "Are you speaking to me?" The correspondence then ceased, but the farmer is keeping an eye on his fowls and reports a certain amount of activity which may mean preparations for an early peace. Is it not possible that hens may know more about these things than we commonly give them credit for? There are many interesting features about this sudden outbreak of egg messages. For example, there is the fact that they were written in English, a language hens often avoid. Another interesting fact is that the figure 5 is not at all clear and might possibly be 4, 6, 8 or 9, thus giving us various dates. And there is the obscurity of the word *ends*. "War ends 1945" probably means that the war will terminate in that year, but the word *ends* can also mean *aims*, and perhaps the hen is trying to say that our war aims will then be announced to the satisfaction of such people as Mr. F. Binch, whose recent statements on this topic are reported in the next article.

SAVANT DEMANDS WAR AIMS.

Mr. Foggarty Binch, the well-known public figure and private investigator, celebrated his ninety-second birthday by writing his twenty-five-thousandth letter to the Press. In this letter he demanded that the Government make a clear declaration of its war aims. "What is the Big Idea?" he asked. "We all know why the war began, but that was years ago. Times change." No reply has been received, and Mr. Binch declares that this silence must be more than mere coincidence.

DOOM

Mr. J. K. Lupp, the eminent Egyptologist, has died suddenly of a lingering and mysterious malady, which recalls the curse falling on him and his party when they opened the Forbidden Tomb of Cuniifer III, barely forty-three years ago. The survivors of the party now number only six of the original eight. Professor Lupp himself scoffed

at the curse, to the great distress of his native helpers (many of whom have since had very bad luck in the matter of tips), but others of the party point out that these old curses may remain effective (in a dry climate) for thousands of years. The Professor was barely eighty-nine years old.

MAJORITY FAVOURS SOLAR SYSTEM.

In the weekly nation-wide poll of the Portsmouth Pool-Poll of Public Opinion, 51 per cent. of the housewives of Britain expressed themselves as being entirely in favour of the present solar system, 7 per cent. said they could think of improvements but were inclined to give the system a fair trial, and 43 per cent. expressed various degrees of hostility, on grounds ranging from expense to old-fashionedness. It will be seen that 1 per cent. must have voted twice, a very low figure. (Incidentally, owing to secrecy of these ballots, it cannot be discovered whether a man who votes twice votes the same way each time or against himself the second time.) Next week's poll will investigate the public's attitude to the diet of the Tierra del Fuegians, with the question "Do you think too much starch is eaten south of the Magellan Straits?" Moderately heavy betting is being placed on the results of the poll.

TOT DOES BET.

Little Hilda Flitch, a six-year-old girl of East Muffin, Yorks, believes that she has done more for the war effort than any other six-year-old of her own sex in north-eastern England. She is anxious to meet other girls whose initials are H. F. so that they can compare war efforts, horoscopes, and possibly exchange a few trinkets. Hilda, it is said, can identify six hundred types of aircraft by sense of smell alone, a knack that may prove useful in the coming age of invisible and inaudible planes. In addition to her work in smelling aircraft, she has presented over ten thousand pen-wipers to the forces, recited fifty-nine thousand lines of verse (largely of her own composition) from memory, and has organized the Young Humans League, a club designed to protect the interests of young boys and girls who have agreed to abandon selfishness for the next fifty years. "Collective selfishness is what we are after," says Hilda, "for we feel we get more that way. This makes us glow." Half the fun of

giving something up, she explains cheerily, is in getting back more than ever.

In spite of her many talents and her very severe daily programme Hilda remains a natural child, completely normal in every way. She plays with a doll named Felicity (after the famous electrical cat used in the East Muffin bull-terrier races) and when she puts her dolly to bed she often says "Absent thee from felicity awhile," a sly quotation from *Pilgrim's Progress*, her favourite work. "I want all little girls everywhere to think of me as just one of themselves," she says. "I may have more brain, but what of that? That is mere luck and no credit to myself. No, it is what we do with what we have that makes us so nice." Hilda's favourite flower is the dandelion, especially when served as wine, and her favourite actress is herself, a choice made simply from loyalty, as she points out, and not on aesthetic grounds.

HERO DOG SAVES TEN.

Binkums, the pet terrier-spaniel of the Jubb family at Mixings, Sussex, is a hero to-day. Last night a rat entered the Jubb home and Binkums prepared to give chase, when he suddenly noticed that the rat was trying to convey a message to him. Restraining his first impulse, he agreed to accompany the rat and see what the matter was. The rat led him to the attic, where they found the family cat overcome by smoke. Using the rat as a shield, Binkums smothered the flames and then went downstairs to warn the family. Had he attacked the rat at first, he would never have found the fire until too late. It is believed the fire was caused by a faulty cigarette holder. "I am glad my dogs and cats do not smoke," says Mr. Jubb. "They are more practical than my wife." Mrs. Jubb laughingly agrees, but regrets that Binkums will not accept a cigar for his services. "A cigar will kill two large dogs," she says, "and surely Binkums has a couple of friends he doesn't like. Nothing is too good for him now." The Jubbs have no plans for the future, but think that scientific farming may have much promise in it provided it is reduced to common sense and taken out of the hands of scientists who do not realize that most farmers are too busy losing money to stop and perhaps waste time in trying to make any. Their eldest daughter is a gifted snare-drummer.

The Tongues of Men and of Officers

IT is generally agreed, both by second lieutenants and by the experts at the War Office who decide how much the human frame can endure before collapsing into a ripple in space-time, that this amount is exceeded at the average Octu. The fixed smile on the faces of second lieutenants is due more to a glow of self-congratulation at not having broken their spines in the assault course, and having learnt by heart many pamphlets, compared with which *Bradshaw* is a pastoral lyric, without going mad, than merely to their being second lieutenants.

It is thus rather a shock to the officer cadet in India to discover that he has to do all these things and learn Urdu as well.

There is something all-pervading about Urdu. If one didn't know that Urdu is a language, one would guess it to be some kind of Asiatic spiritual term—some vast overhanging immanence; a kind of daimon, to be traditionally represented in art by some formless mass rather like that beautiful creature Oil-Drag, who used to enliven the pre-war advertisements.

Well, although it is only a language, somehow that is just what Urdu is like in this school. You can't get away from it. You come back from your bath looking forward to half an hour's peace before dinner, and there is on your doorstep a smiling figure in a fez, with books under his arms. It is Urdu. In the barren waste of the week's syllabus you see one period marked

"Spare," and you think "Aha, I will catch up on my Signals Procedure!" (As if one could!) But you can bet your boots that when it comes it will be Urdu.

There is also a huge vague scheme of remuneration for those who learn it. There is a legend that one gets a "reward" of a hundred rupees if one passes the examination. But, like all cadets' money, this is not real money but merely a credit, and one can't even get that until one's name has been in Indian Army Orders. Here the Urdu successes always appear at the end, among the amendments; the last time I saw any the preceding paragraph said "With reference to Clothing Vocabulary, for Bottle-green bottle-dress in line 4, read Battle-green bottle-dress."

Urdu is supposed to be the official language of the Indian Army. Not, as far as I can make out, of anybody else—certainly not of railway guards, Post Office clerks or tonga men. It is taught by a lot of sad-looking men called *munshis* (imagine, *munshis*—that's the sort of language it is), and their golden rule is that *the book is wrong*.

This is not surprising when you come to look at the book. It is one of these hearty soldier-like affairs, and the people in the sentences are always asking each other "How many men are in your regiment?" "Have you got the smoke bombs?" etc., which makes things rather easy because the Urdu uses English words in all these cases. The book assumes that one

has never learnt any language before, and there are long explanations of the difference between Transitive and Intransitive, in which it is pointed out that a transitive verb is one in which a sensible reply can be given to the questions "who, which or what." I am now beginning to realize that this may be necessary, however, because there is a man in my class who maintains to this day that "Walk" is a transitive verb. "Suppose you say 'I am walking down the street,'" he says, "and then I say to you 'You are walking what?' and you reply 'Down the street,' that's a sensible answer, isn't it?"

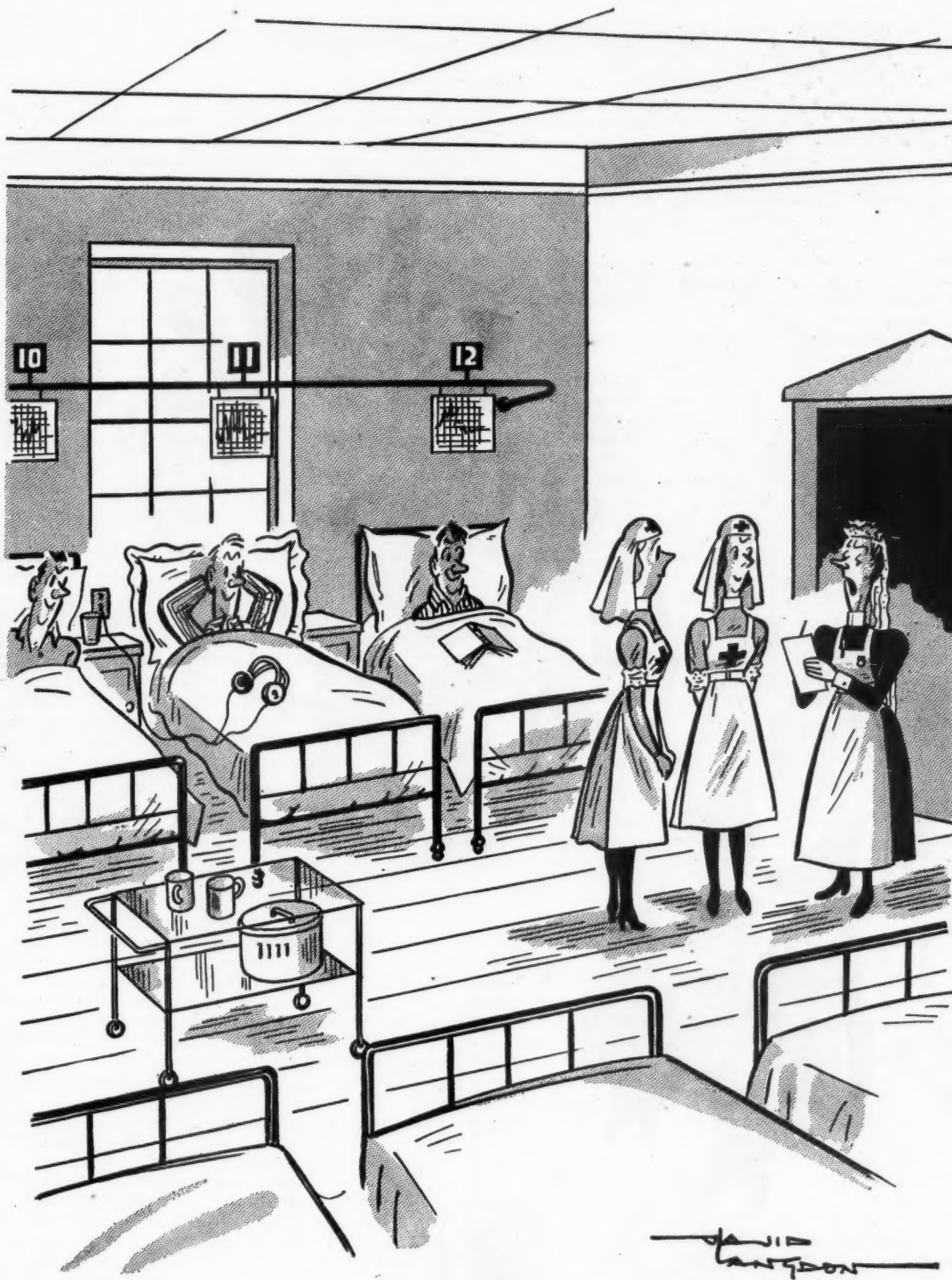
Also in one's class there is always a man with a big neck who says easily "Don't worry about all this Subjunctive business. Just tell me how to say things."

Another trouble is that one never seems to get on to any literature in Urdu. Sooner or later in German you get to "*Du bist wie eine Blume*," and in French to "*Heureux qui, comme Ulysse*"; but the very last exercise in the Urdu book contains the sentences "How long does it take to get to Poona by rail?" and, rather tersely I thought, "I have lost my golf ball; find it." If you want to be really complicated of course there are sentences like "If you had thought of bringing those mules under the big trees up the slope beyond the river up to that high ridge you would have been able to destroy all the enemy's troops." But even this, one feels, is hardly art.

No, there is only one good thing about Urdu, and that is the sheer beauty of the words themselves. Right at the beginning one learns with delight that the Urdu for "this" is *yih* and for "that" *wuh*. You can't just say a word like *wuh*. My *munshi* says you must do it "like a dog barking," only of course in a conversational tone, if you get what I mean. There is something to be said too for a language in which "you may be" is translated by *tum ho*, and the verb "to make" is *banana* (honest). And another engaging thing about Urdu is the use of the word *wala*, which you stick indiscriminately on to anything and it means a person or thing who does that thing, if you follow me. Thus, *girana*, meaning "to drop," *hawai* "air," and *jahaz* "ship," the concise Urdu phrase for a bomber is "bomb giranewala hawai jahaz." Some people are fascinated by this, the ageless circumlocution of the East.

Well, *tum ho*, but I'm not.





"Cases 10, 11 and 12 are due for discharge to-morrow, so that will be three apple-pie beds after their bath to-night. Is that quite clear?"



"THAT'S Noel Harbinger, the Christmas-card specialist, going on location."

Memories of a Sporting Life

By "Old International"

ONE of the queerest incidents in my long experience occurred in 1882 during a match between twelve of Sheffield Amalgamated and fourteen of Cudworth Town. I was playing in my usual position at outside-right when I was unfairly tackled by Bolsover, the Cudworth left-back. While taking the resultant free kick I had the misfortune to uproot a large piece of turf and sprain an ankle. The turf was never replaced, for immediately beneath it lay an outcrop of the famous "Silkband" coking coal. At least a dozen of the nearest spectators ran across the ground to the directors' box. After some hectic bidding the land (and mining rights) was sold to a Mr. Smurthwaite of Pontefract. The game, of course, was abandoned. In the following season the Amalgamated moved to the Pebblewick Road ground and played in red-and-green jerseys and black shorts.

Does anyone remember Bob Menchik, the old left-half of Nairn? He was one of the most devout footballers I have ever met. With a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in the hip-pocket of his voluminous "shorts"—he never played without (the book, I mean*)—he trotted

* Or, of course, the "shorts."

about the field quoting extracts from Mildew's *Select Sermons* to all who came within earshot. It would go something like this:

"O prepare ye, all ye that are uncouth and sinful—*Slip 'er through, Tom, lad*—for the time of fearful reckoning, when the trumpets of doom shall blast—*Right, lad, leave 'er to me*—and filthy sinners shall kneel in righteous repentance . . ."

A young and impressionable opponent must have found Bob a terrible man to tackle. His ceaseless flow of lugubrious rhetoric seemed to hallow the ground about him, so that his lack of speed was more than neutralized by the awed inactivity of his opponents. Although he is no longer with us we are still able to hear him playing the game he loved so much. An Edison-Skinner phonographic recording, 1889, has recently been reconditioned and reissued.

I am often asked whether I agree with the contention that football has been ruined by "pool" betting. My questioners seem to imagine that betting was unknown in my day. To me the present practice of gambling on five "homes," four "aways" or three "draws" appears very innocuous stuff after the wild punting of the 'eighties and 'nineties. Huge sums of

money used to change hands every Saturday at the Pebblewick Road ground. Would the referee leave the field in an upright position? Would Masters (the Sheffield centre-forward) be too drunk to play? On these and similar questions spectators held decided views—views which they were prepared to back up to and beyond the limits of their financial resources.

Early in the season of '84-'85 the future of the Monmouth Street stand became a subject of acute and well-wagered controversy. The structure was fragile and ill-balanced, and from time to time emitted unmistakable sounds of approaching disintegration. The truth is that its main supports, fashioned from the salvage of the s.s. *Calomel*, were rotten through and through. As the season advanced the betting increased to enormous proportions. Each match saw the stand packed with those hoping and working for its collapse. The game itself became a secondary interest. Week by week the ancient timbers survived the bucketings and synchronized stampings of its occupants. Indeed, it survived the season. But on April 20th 1885 there was a heavy fall of snow and without an occupant or a single witness of its end the Monmouth Street stand surrendered unconditionally.

Green Isn't Dead.

By Smith Minor

IN case you think the above a funny tittle, Green dose, I will tell you why I have chosen it. You see, once I called an article "The Deth of Smith Minor," and although of course I didn't mean it several poeple thort I did, and it gave them a bit of a shock. In fact, to my surprise, some of them even wrote and told me, it seaming as if they wuold of minded.

Well, the reason I have called the article you are now reading, saying you are reading it, "Green Isn't Dead" is to save you getting another shock, saying you got the first one, becorse he isn't. But I cuoldn't save myself getting the shock, there being no one to tell me like there is me to tell you, and I honestly thinking he was going to be.* Of corse, if he had been, it wuold of meant more to me than to

you, I knowing him and you not, in fact, "The world wuold not of wrecked the cost,

But only I, what it had lost!" Jest the same, one can't help feeling that those who wuold of minded if I'd been dead must of minded if Green had been, becorse what is one of us without the other, *s'il's vous me comprendu*?

Note. My French master said my French wuold improve if I did more, so I hope you won't mind if now and then I drop in *un soupson*, it won't be much. End of note.

Green not being kean on praise, I showed him the above poem to be sure he wuoldn't mind my putting it in, and he said he didn't mind if I'd also put in that he didn't agree with it.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

"The trouble with you," he said, "is that you idolize everything."

"I feel sure there are some things I don't," I said.

"Tell me one," he said.

"Earwigs," I said.

It's a funny thing, I can feel for worms, but not for earwigs, becorse somehow I can never see anything in them, and yet, to them, there must be.

Well, anyway, this is what hapened.

We were sitting on a gate, wondering several things, such as weather anybody wuold ever invent a machine that cuold make time go backwards and weather it wuold be a good thing if they did, we often get a bit deap, but don't worry, this isn't going to be about that, when sudenly we heard a loud clatter coming along the lane. It sounded jest like a run-away horse, and lo! it was a run-away horse.

It was galoping nine hundred and

* Dead. Author.

ninety-nine to the dozen, and it went at such a lick that the breeze it made *en passant* almost blew us over.

"Golly!" said Green.

"Same here," I said.

"There's no one on it," he said.

"No, but there may of been," I said.

"That's what I was thinking," he said, "in wick case, where are they?"

"If we could make time go backwards, we'd know," I said.

"No, we wuoldn't," he said, "we weren't there."

"So we weren't," I said, "but if time went backwards, wuold the horse come back backwards?"

"As it won't, it dosen't matter," he said. "What dose matter is that someone may be lying in a ditch in dire distress needing one's help, and that we ouht to try and stop that horse."

"We can't do both," I said.

"We can, if we do one each," he said.

"I see what you mean," I said, seeing.

We decided that he wuold be best at stoping a horse and that I wuold be best at stoping bleeding, he having once stoped an escaped camble at a zoo, it was plucky, and I having once bandidged the head of a tramp who I thort was hurt, though he was only asleep, but still I bandidged it. So he went the way the horse had gone, wile I went the way the horse had come, hoping they wuoldn't be too far apart.

I'd realy rather of gone after the horse, becorse there was prescious little chance of catching it up, and so long as you try to do a thing it dosen't matter not doing it, but if a person was in a ditch, well, you'd be bound to find him, and as I went along the lane I expeckted every time I turned a corner to come upon some ghory sight, like, say, a leg sticking out of a hedge, or even, who wotted, an arm all by itself. But luckerly what I came upon wasn't a part of a person but a whole one, in fact, an old man sitting on one side of the road with a bisycle on the other.

"Good afternoon," I said. "Are you hurt?"

"I dunno," he said.

"One must know," I said.

"Then I ain't doin' what I must," he said.

"Well, is there anything I can do for you?" I said.

"Yes, there is," he said, "you can find a horse I was leadin' what boulded and nocked me over."

"It is a mistake to try and race a horse," I said.

"Who said I was racin' it?" he said.

"You said you were leading it," I said.

"I was leadin' it on my bisycle, don't be stoopid," he said.

"Oh," I said. "Is it yours?"

"The bisycle?" he said.

"No, the horse," I said.

"No, it's Mr. Gumble's, what I work for," he said, "and if I lose it I'll lose my job."

"Well, don't worry," I said, "my friend, Mr. Green, is looking for it."

"Yes, and by gum, he's found it," he said, "becorse here they are!"

And, lo! here they were, for at that moment the horse came galoping back with Green upon it!

"How had he got on to the horse?"

There was no time to ask!

To stay where he had somehow got,

That was his anxious task.

With staring eyes and open mouth

He swayed from side to side.

Who wotted how near he to Deth

Upon that gharstly ride!"

Now if you don't like poetry, some don't, you'd better stop here, and you can do it with an easy mind as you know from the tittle that Green didn't die. But I've got to go on with the poetry becorse when you feal emosional and don't forget Green and I have been bossom friends for 6½ years and the idea of perhaps having to go on in this rather quear world without him made me feal, well, emosional, one has to burst into verse.

Anyhow, *pour mieux ou mauvaise*, here is the rest of what hapened, weather you read it or not.

"With hair that pointed to the sky

We watched the twain flash past!

Wuold I see Green alive again,

Or wuold that be the last?

The old man mutered things like this,

'Great Snakes' and 'Holy Mike.'



But, ah! what use by now were words?

I lept upon the bike,

And folowed at a dizzy lick,

Becorse, oh, who could tell?

With luck perhaps I'd be in time

To catch him as he fell.

Think not that I expeckted to

Like seeing old Green's end,

But he might have last words to speak—

One dose such for a friend!

But all was vane! At last I saw

A farmer by a gate.

'Please has a horseman come this way?'

I asked. 'Am I too late?'

He looked surprized, so I went on,

'If you are Mr. Gumble,

A friend of mine is on your horse

And may have had a tumble.'

It was! He said, 'Gad's Hooks! I heard

While on my way to tea

A horse trot back into its stall,

We'd better go and see.'

And so we did. And, lo! the horse

Was eating in its stable.

But where was Green? I'll tell

you, for

To guess you won't be able—

Subconscious, but alive, inside

The horse's feeding trough!

He never knew how he'd got on,

Still less how he came off!"

You see, when he came too, we thort he never wuold, it was awful, we asked him how it had all hapened, and all he could remember was seeing the horse coming back again, throuh what Mr. Gumble calls the homing instinck, and leaping at it, and the rest was *blanque*.

Anyhow, *qu'important?* He was alive, and I sent one-and-nine to the Red Cross, and he sent threepence.

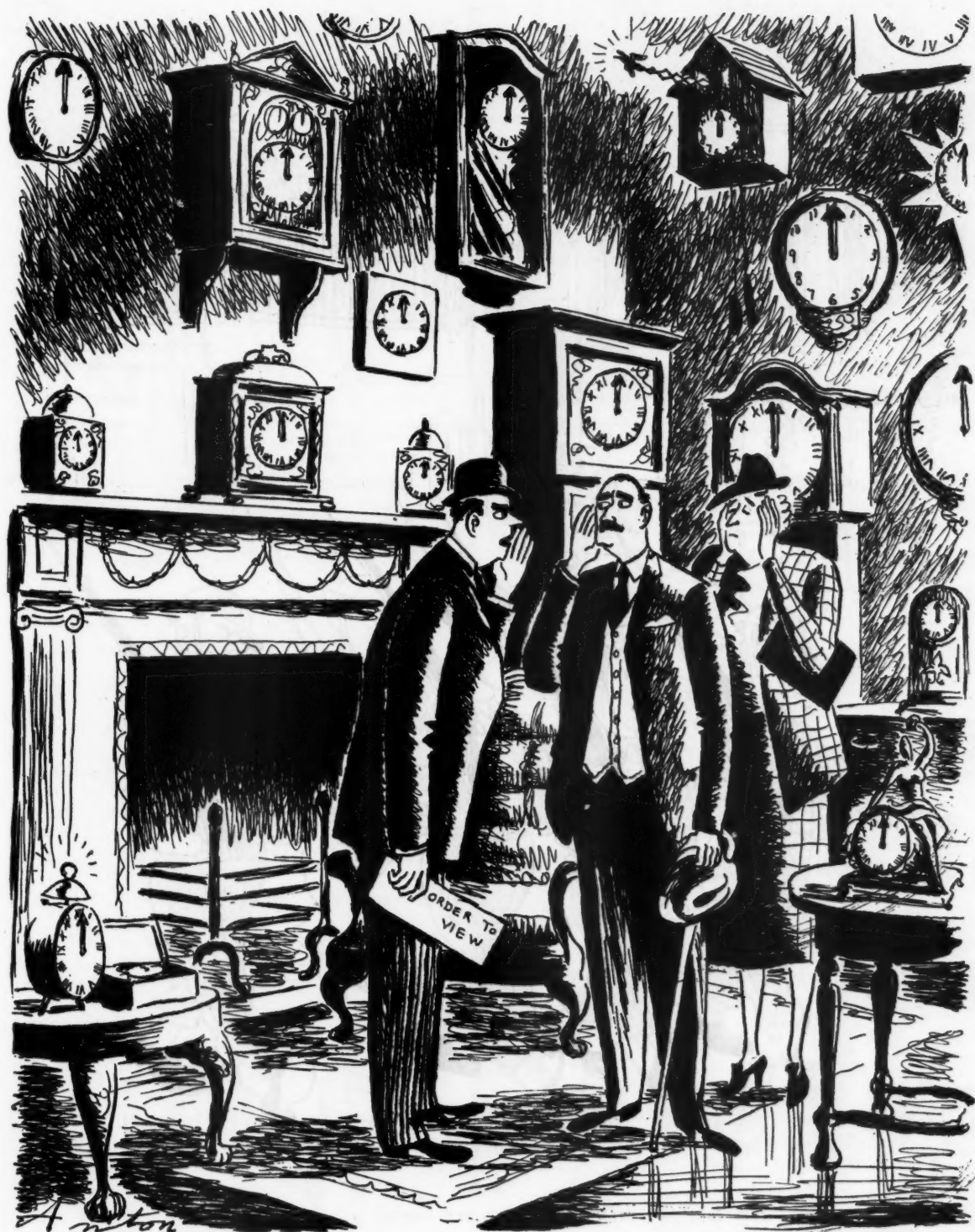
Note. Mr. Gumble didn't realy say, "Gad's Hooks," but I thort I'd put it in. I'm sorry if I shuoldn't of. End of note.

I'm Dreaming of a Tight Christmas.

(as sung by Binge Crosby, but not of course by us)

I'M dreaming of a tight Christmas,
Just like the ones we used to know,
When the port was flowing
And faces showing
That lovely alcoholic glow.
I'm dreaming of a tight Christmas,
With serried bottles every night.
May your wines be fragrant and bright
And may all your vintages be right.

M. D.



"Of course if you actually took the flat you could let them run down."

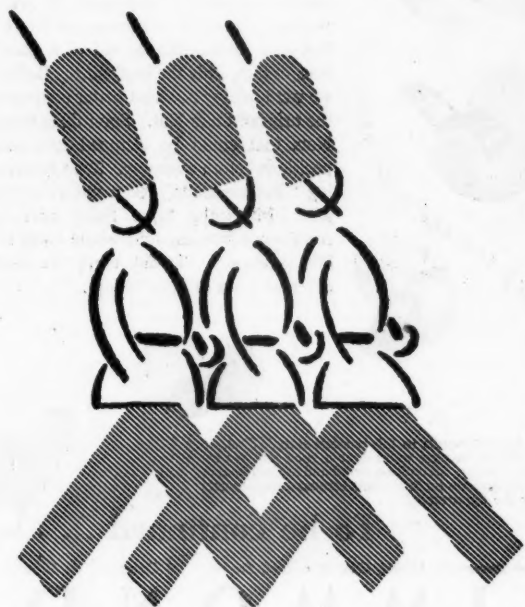


"I've been here before on holiday, but only on a conducted tour."

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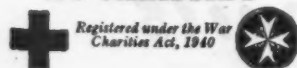
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War Risk Cover available for Civilians depending upon Individual Circumstances
FILL IN THIS FORM NOW POSTAGE ONE PENNY IF UNSEALED

To H. O. LEACH (General Manager for British Isles)
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA
(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)
22, Sun of Canada House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1

I should like to know more about your Income Plan, as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

NAME
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS

Occupation Exact date of birth

PUNCH, Alman. 1944

EPHEDROL

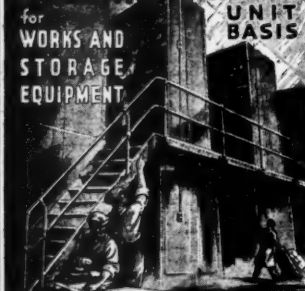
RELIEVES COLDS AND CATARRH

A "sniff" at bedtime clears the nasal passages
Chemists, 1/6 & 3/4 (including Purchase Tax), or post-free from
CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD.
LIVERPOOL. Est. 1813. C.E.8a



ADJUSTEEL SHELVING

for WORKS AND STORAGE EQUIPMENT



Send for Catalogue - D/820

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BIRMINGHAM 24

Pedigree

PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them

L.B.LTD. London

THE WINDAK SUIT IN USE No. 5

Granny's idea
for Bomber crews

Granny's old hand muff, fitted with electric heating elements—gives you the idea of the WINDAK Electro-Thermal Hand Muff. American aircrews use this Hand Muff to keep their hands warm and supple in the intense cold of the upper atmosphere.

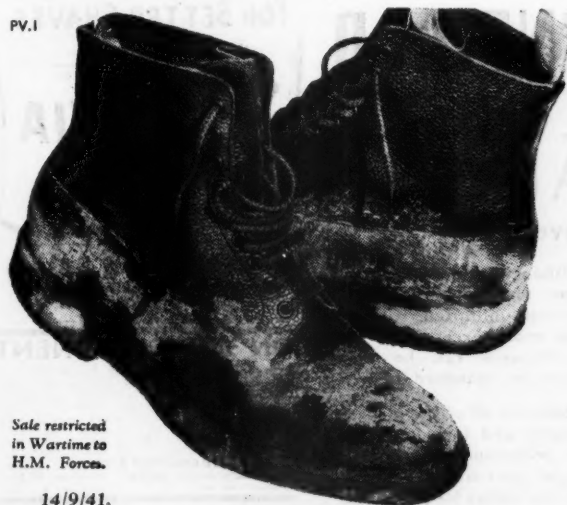
Like our own R.A.F. crews they're getting on the warmest terms with WINDAK specialties.

...what grand ideas for post war motoring...!



WINDAK Suits incorporate features covered by Irvin Patent No. 407445 & others
BAXTER, WOODHOUSE & TAYLOR, LTD.,
Queen's Buildings, Stockport, Cheshire.

PV.1



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

14/9/41.

This pair of Lotus Veldtschoen were bought exactly 20 years ago this month. They have been worn regularly throughout every winter and have withstood all weathers without the slightest indication of letting in water. The uppers are still in excellent condition.

LOTUS
Veldtschoen
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

Look Back—

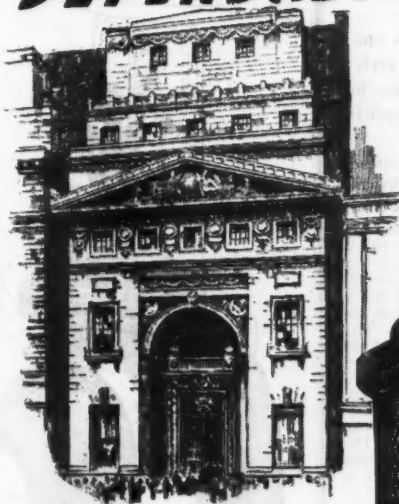
and remember the infinite variety and inexhaustible supply of Things in 'Celanese'—for in looking back you will glimpse the future! The same restless and inventive spirit responsible for the 'Celanese' Products you already know, has responded to urgent war-time demands with amazing new Products. When Peace comes, these Products will be applied to civilian life and released to you in ample supply.

So look forward to . . .

'Celanese'
TRADE MARK

G247

DEPENDABILITY



LLOYD'S takes its name from Edward Lloyd who kept a London Coffee-house where merchants and shipowners gathered 250 years ago. 'A.I. at Lloyd's' is a term synonymous with security. Lloyd's is best known for underwriting liability against the hazards of the sea, and this calls to mind what millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "There's Dependability for you!"

CHAMPION
PLUGS
CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

KEEP YOUR FEET RIGHT

AND HEAL ALL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES QUICKLY

HOMOCEA is the perfect OINTMENT prepared from those carefully selected ingredients which were prescribed by the CONSULTING CHEMISTS of our Great-grandfathers' time and fully endorsed by those of to-day.

HOMOCEA quickly penetrates and softens the skin. It heals little WOUNDS and SORES and cures more serious SKIN AFFECTIONS. MANY THOUSANDS of people all over the WORLD use HOMOCEA every day of their lives and gain immense comfort from the protection it gives them.

The man who shaves every morning and has a TENDER SKIN rubs a little HOMOCEA on his face the night before. And what a colossal amount of discomfort he saves himself!

The ATHLETE The GOLFER The CYCLIST The men (and women too) who have to walk to the Station every morning. The SOLDIER The MUNITION WORKER The POSTMAN The POLICEMAN. The WOMAN WHO MOLES HER STOCKINGS AT THE HEEL because of a bit of hard skin.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE need HOMOCEA and they can try it and test it without any risk. See the guarantee on every package.

HOMOCEA will generally prevent MOSQUITOES or MIDGES or BEES biting you if you smear it on your skin. If you neglect to do this and get bitten HOMOCEA will quickly relieve the pain and heal the wound. See what Mr. W. Harrod-Hampall THE AUTHORITY ON BEE KEEPING says about Homocoon on page 56 of the BEE KEEPERS' GUIDE.

Buy a tin from your Chemist or Store. Use it for any SKIN TROUBLE you have, and, if you are not satisfied, return the carton to the makers and the full amount of your money will be refunded without question or quibble.

SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE AT THE CHEMISTS.

Homocoea

TOUCHES THE SPOT

THE HOMOCEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 41, BUNCE ROAD, NEWBURY-ON-TYNE, A

Brisker, fresher teeth-cleaning with a *Wisdom*

THIS is the Wisdom Toothbrush. Its anchored Nylon tufts give your teeth a brisker clean. Your teeth are really cleaner, your mouth feels fresher, after the tonic touch of Wisdom. No wonder Wisdoms are in such demand.

Wisdom
TOOTHBRUSH

OUTLASTS
THREE
ORDINARY
BRISTLE
BRUSHES

MADE BY ADDIS LIMITED, MAKERS OF
THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780



NOTE THE
SHAPE:
The brush is
shaped so
that all the
tufts come
into action
at once.

Note these Facts

HEADACHE has one thing in common with Rheumatism, Toothache, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, Colds and 'Flu': like them, it can be relieved safely and speedily by two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

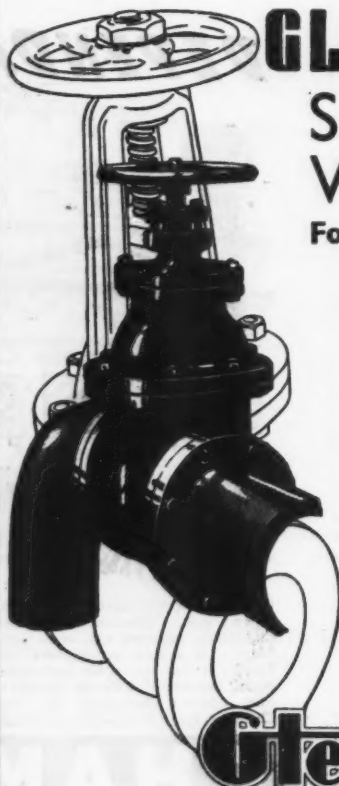
There are various sorts of Headache. There is the nervy, nagging pain that worry brings on. There is the sharp, insistent misery of neuralgia. There is the over-tired reminder, at the end of a weary day, that long hours and exacting work must be offset by proper relaxation if your health is not to suffer.

Whatever your type of Headache, two tablets of 'Genasprin' taken in a little water will work wonders with the pain. The cause of the pain is another matter and may call for a doctor's advice.

'Genasprin' is the safe brand of aspirin that will not harm heart or digestion. And fortunately 'Genasprin' is one of the things for which it is no longer necessary to accept a substitute; you can get it from any chemist at 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain
'GENASPRIN'
sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genetec Limited, Loughborough, Leicestershire.



GLENFIELD SLUICE VALVES

For every Purpose

Although the variety of uses for Sluice Valves is almost unlimited, all but the most exceptional requirements can be met from our standard ranges.

These are all of the highest quality and include valves to withstand abnormally high pressures, drilling valves, valves for pipe lines, knife-edge valves for mass-culite and viscous liquids, also valves in bronze, steel or corrosion-resisting alloys, and we are at all times ready to quote for special valves to meet the most exacting requirements.

Glenfield

HEAD OFFICE: KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

FOR BETTER SHAVES.

WARDONIA BLADES

'NEVER TURN A HAIR!'

ON THE CONTINENT

Fully equipped Church Army Mobile Canteens are already operating. Our experienced workers are there! On every war front The Church Army is giving invaluable service. This vital work urgently needs financial support so that wide-spread services may be expanded. Please cross cheques Barclays a/c Church Army, and send to the Rev. H. H. TREACHER, General Secretary and Head, THE CHURCH ARMY Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1. (Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

Tails always
Wag-a-lot

FOR
WINALOT
THE IDEAL FOOD
FOR DOGS

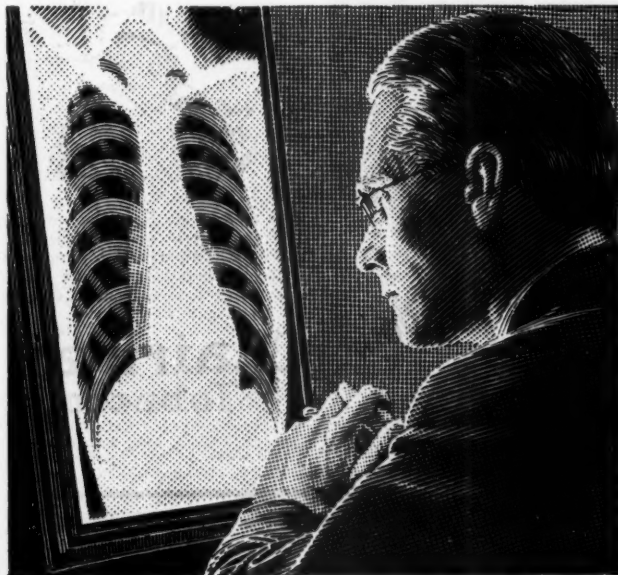


Make Wright's the 'rule' for
the Toilet and Nursery.
Kind to the tenderest skin.



WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET—ONE COUPON



WAR AGAINST DISEASE. It is the image produced by X-rays on a photographic film that assists the radiologist to diagnose disease or injury. Special films for this purpose have long been manufactured by Ilford Limited and to-day greater quantities than ever are being made to meet the needs of the Forces and the home hospitals. The war against disease never ends.

ILFORD makers of **SELO** films
LIMITED



always look for the name **MORLEY**



STOCKINGS UNDIES KNITWEAR GLOVES



Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

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TWIN BED DESIGNERS

stretching their ingenuity and exercising their resourcefulness in a determined effort to develop the use of tubular steel in furniture design. We produced miracles of design and comfort before the war, as many of you can testify, but just wait until priority numbers are past history and we will give the most ardent planners an example upon which to dream

MADE BY PEL LTD · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM





If you are an

- ARCHITECT
- BUILDER
- CONTRACTOR
- ENGINEER
- ESTATE AGENT
- MAINTENANCE
- ENGINEER
- NAVAL ARCHITECT
- SHIPBUILDER
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- WORKS MANAGER

OR just a business man with premises and plant to maintain—you really should have a copy of this little book. For it tells in simple and non-technical language just how corrosion gets to work and—what is more important—how best to prevent it.

Not only is this little book pleasant and easy to read but it contains some drawings very pleasing to the eye. Altogether, a somewhat unusual though extremely practical production. Judge for yourself; a copy is yours for two penny stamps.

Write to Wailes Dove Bitumastie, Ltd.,
Hebburn, Co. Durham, mentioning Dept. E4.

GD 127

MARKING TIME



THEN..

A small hole in a basin placed in water ensured that the basin would sink at a given time. For ages, such was a means of marking time.

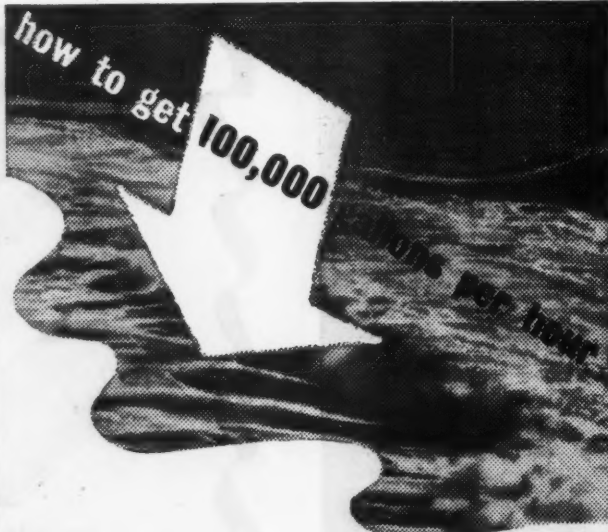
NOW..

The Ferranti Clock, motivated directly by the current supply, marks the time with unfailing regularity and precision.

FERRANTI

Clocks

In the very unlikely event of your Ferranti Clock requiring attention send it to the Clock Servicing Department, Ferranti Ltd., Hollinwood, Lancs.



In the Hayward-Tyler submersible pump, the motor is 'wet,' that is, water-cooled and water-lubricated. It is coupled to the pump under water, has only two journal bearings and gives high efficiency. The 1944-45 models give the **highest output** from **great depths** at the **lowest cost**, and are **available** to priority users.

* For a leaflet giving full information write (enclosing penny stamp) to Hayward-Tyler and Co. Ltd., Shell Mex House, London, W.C.2

HAYWARD-TYLER

wet motor pumps

for A.C. mains



It's CHAIRMAN:

And there is no finer pipe tobacco. In its smoking coolness, in the peculiar charm of its aroma and in its richness of flavour there is no tobacco like it. Economical too—six hours of delightful smoking to every ounce.

Chairman Tobacco

Three strengths: CHAIRMAN, medium;
BOARDMAN'S, mild; RECORDER
full. 2/9d. per oz. From tobacconists.
Made by the successors to R. J. Lea, Ltd.

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PRODUCED AT THE CUMBERLAND PENCIL CO. LTD., KESWICK

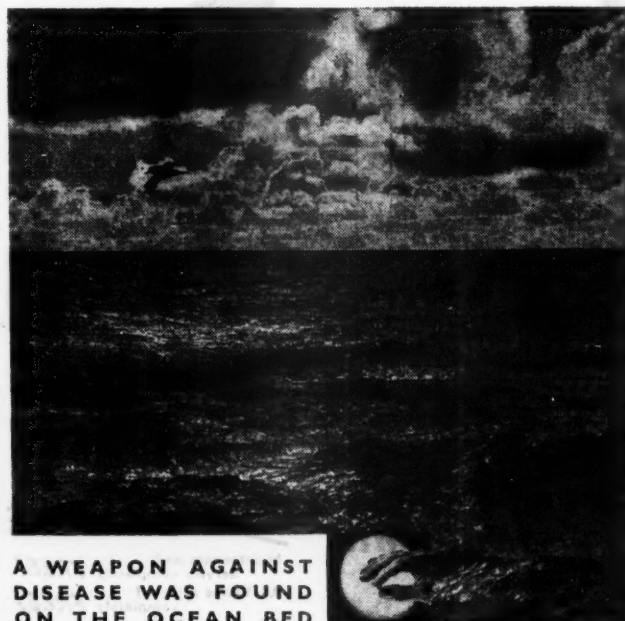


Standing loses its
sting if your feet
don't hurt.

Come to Scholl's
for expert advice
and treatment.

SCHOLL
FOOT COMFORT SERVICE
Branches everywhere

Scholl Aids are obtainable from chemists, shoe shops and stores,
Enquiries to 254, Regent St., London, W.1.



A WEAPON AGAINST DISEASE WAS FOUND ON THE OCEAN BED

Like a grey shadow, a halibut swims along the ocean bed. Thousands of feet above, a lonely waste of water rocks endlessly, for these are the deep-water seas of Greenland, Iceland and the North Pacific. And stored within the liver of the halibut, scientists discovered, is one of the most potent aids to health known to man. For halibut liver oil, they found, is a

richly concentrated source of vitamins A and D without which it is impossible for adults to maintain health or children to grow up fit and strong. The Crookes Laboratories are proud to be associated with the work of these doctors and scientists — proud to supply them with the means to fight disease and to bring health and happiness into the lives of ordinary people.

CROOKES MAKERS OF VITAMIN PRODUCTS

THE CROOKES LABORATORIES (BRITISH COLLOIDS LTD.), PARK ROYAL, LONDON, N.W.19



CAN YOU TAKE A TIP FROM US?

It isn't easy to say just where a business like ours begins and ends. On the face of it we are manufacturers of belting of all kinds; brake and clutch linings; friction materials of every description; jointings and packings; and we spin and weave asbestos for a great variety of purposes. But frequently the specialised knowledge of the people in our various departments is applied to problems which hardly come under the headings we've mentioned. Only the other day we were asked if we could manufacture to certain specifications, a material which was required for the tips of billiard cues. We don't suppose we'll ever become world-famous in this line of business but we mention it just to indicate that we're prepared to take our cue from any manufacturer who is snookered by a problem which, he thinks, might come within the range of our activities.

BRITISH BELTING & ASBESTOS LIMITED

CLECKHEATON (YORKS) AND LONDON

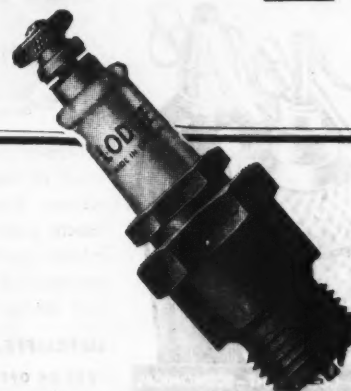


Spinners, weavers and manufacturers of Asbestos yarns, cloths, tapes, packings and jointings; manufacturers of Machinery Belting for all industrial purposes; manufacturers of "Mintex" Brake and Clutch Linings and other friction materials.

An outstanding success in
the mighty engines of war

LODGE PLUGS

will soon be sparking again
equally successfully in the
pleasant pursuits of peace



Lodge Plugs Ltd.,
Rugby, England.

ah! oh!
SOLO



**SOLO means
REAL ORANGE
JUICE**

Remember this bottle—
it's the shape of good
things to come back again.

Sparklets
(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of
SPARKLETS BULBS are
being distributed as equitably
as possible. For the present,
please "go easy with the
soda" and return empty
Bulbs promptly to your usual
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HYGIENIC CONVENIENT ECONOMICAL

LAMPOR & HOLT LINE LIMITED

TO

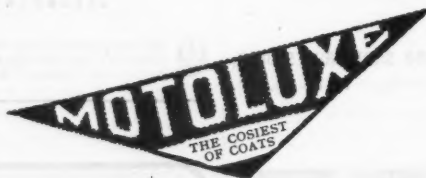
SOUTH AMERICA Regular Cargo Service between UNITED KINGDOM, BRAZIL & RIVER PLATE

Regular Cargo and Passenger Service also
operates between New York, Brazil and
the River Plate.

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Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3 (Tel.: Mansion House
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THIS IS THE LABEL TO LOOK FOR



Don't forget this label—it stands for the
cosy comfort of Motoluxe Coats. For warm
and fashionable wear this winter, you'll
find Motoluxe coats are still obtainable,
though they won't be plentiful till better
times return. We're sorry we can't make
any promises about Motoluxe rugs just
now, but—they are well worth waiting for!

Stocked by high-class shops throughout Great Britain.
If any difficulty write to the manufacturers:—

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD.
QUEEN ST. WORKS, LONDON, N.W.1



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in the air**

Wherever solvents are used money literally takes to the air as the
result of evaporation and in industrial plants this wastage can be very
serious. There isn't the space here to list all the industries which can
benefit from solvent recovery but, if you use solvents at all, and are
in any doubt whether a recovery plant would be a worth while pro-
position, our advisory department can clear the air by supplying you
with the necessary details.

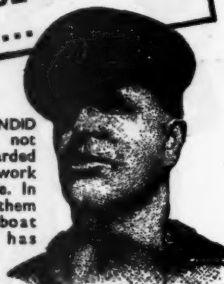
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A Lancashire
War Medallist

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MEN...**

THESE SPLENDID
MEN must not
go unrewarded
for their work
in saving life. In
rewarding them
the Life-boat
Service has
spent over
£250,000
since war
began. Help us to pay these rewards.



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Appointment to
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EDINBURGH. Est. 1793

**RADIO
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Maintenance and
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All Valves replaced
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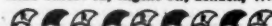
A Small Rental
Covers **EVERYTHING!**

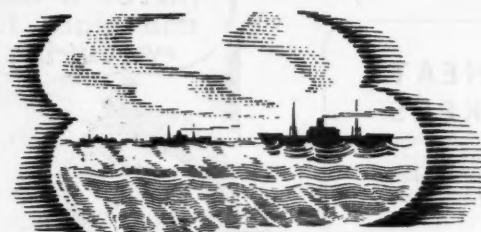
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The stresses on military roads are far beyond those on peaceful highways. Yet Colas products are withstanding the loads and wear on these and many another surface on which war transport is moving to victory! Until peace returns to the gardens and country clubs of the world—Colas is on war service only.

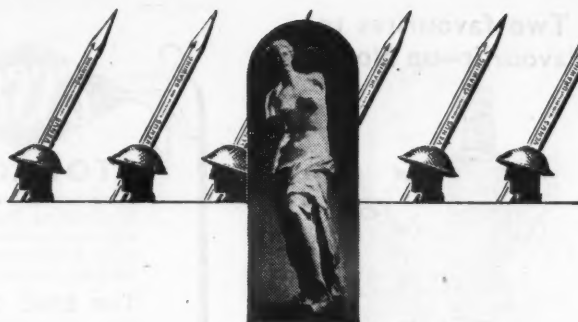
Colas
*paves
the
road
to
victory*



By Appointment to H.M. King George VI.



Colas Products Ltd., 5-6 Crosby Square, Bishopsgate, E.C.3
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Weapons of War

MORE and more pencils are needed every day to design the weapons that are still the key to victory—Tanks, ships, aeroplanes. That is why pencils made by the Venus Pencil Company are in such heavy demand for vital war industry. Branded lines, extra grades, fine finish and luxury workmanship—

these must give way temporarily to the needs of war—but the traditional standard of Venus quality still remains.

The public can still obtain and depend upon the standardised "War Drawing" (in 7 grades) and "Utility" (Blacklead, Copying and Coloured) Pencils now produced by the Venus Pencil Co.

VENUS

Still stands for Quality in Pencils

The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.5.



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STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their
reputation as the finest
cigarettes in the world.

THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS 210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Two favourites to
flavour it—up North!



Under the Government zoning scheme the North comes off best. Both kinds of Yorkshire Relish—Thick and Thin—are available in Northern and Midland areas. "Down South" they're not quite so fortunate, because only one, the Thin Sauce—Yorkshire Relish—is obtainable for the time being.

Yorkshire Relish

THICK or THIN

Controlled Price:

THICK - 11d. THIN - 11d. & 1/3d.
Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds,
makers of famous sauces for 80 years.

36

Still available "CARASADA" CIGARS

especially the INTERMEZZO size
5½ inches long, at 30/- per box of
25, post free.

After the war we hope to
resume offering WINES of all
descriptions.

GREENS LTD.
Cigar & Wine Merchants
37/38, Royal Exchange, Cornhill,
London, E.C.3.

Welcome Always—
Keep it Handy

**GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY
BRANDY**

* Stocks
still available
but restricted

**Tri-ang
TOYS**

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

L.B. LTD. London

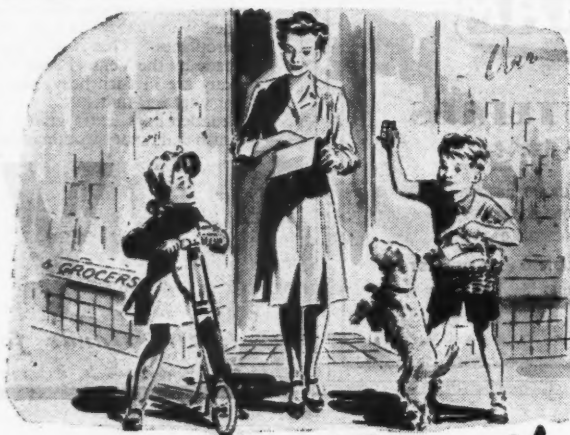


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HEAT STORAGE COOKERS

● are outstandingly economical, efficient and labour saving. They burn continuously day and night with minimum attention. Meat cooked in an ESSE retains its essential juices with the least possible shrinkage.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY
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 Also at LIVERPOOL, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW



Happy Family

Happy is the family where Mother knows the value of OXO for delicious hot drinks, and rich beefy dishes



ANZORA

"MASTERS THE HAIR"

*Does not soil
hats or pillows*



Few people look at a clock and think of the spring. Next time you look at a clock think in 'STEAD'—for STEAD make not only clock springs, but springs of every type for many trades. Those who know SPRINGS know STEAD.

**Think in STEAD
before you buy**

Tele.: Sheffield 22283 (4 lines).

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OF

BRIGHT STEEL BARS

THE

HALESOWEN STEEL

CO. LTD.

HALESOWEN,
NEAR
BIRMINGHAM.

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V226



If you have any
VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX... for Colds

A Drop on your Handkerchief

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England



What is wrong with this picture?

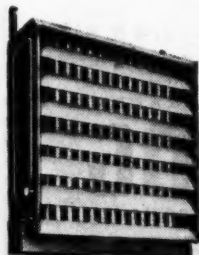
Would you say there are two, three or four mistakes here? Four is right. Here they are . . . How, for example, could the salad oil and vinegar holders be removed from the cruet set? Ever seen an officer with TWO crowns on his shoulder? Isn't it usual to serve coffee after a meal—here the table is still set for dinner? Shouldn't the dessert knife be on the right? The biggest mistake though of all is that box of FORTUNE Chocolates. Caley aren't making them now and can't until their factory is rebuilt. But there's still Norwich Chocolate to be enjoyed.

CALEY
CHOCOLATE

★ Today even Norwich Chocolate is made for us by good friends in the trade. Our thanks to them for their help until we've a factory of our own again to make FORTUNE and other Caley favourites for ourselves.



This is not the chap of whom the Germans were scared in 1942! He is the constant enemy of production in all Industrial Establishments unless working temperature is scientifically controlled, as it can be by users of the Thermolier Unit Heater.



THERMOLIER
UNIT HEATER

MATHER & PLATT LTD.
PARK WORKS MANCHESTER 10

We've learned a lot from him..

In the process of doing our best for the comfort and safety of pilots and aircrews we have made many discoveries. We have perfected new methods of tanning and making up sheepskins. We have learned how to make them luxuriously supple yet more weather and wear-resisting than ever before.

Now, looking forward to the return of peacetime, we are planning new and delightful boots, overshoes and slippers for your comfort on winter days to come.



MORLANDS GLASTONBURY'S

SHEEPSKIN FOOTWEAR

OVERSHOES : BOOTS : SLIPPERS

Wordy Warfare



Should parsons smoke? Strange to relate, this was once a hotly-debated topic in the correspondence columns of the newspapers. A witty Dean offered the disarming suggestion, 'It depends on the tobacco.'

For our part, we have always taken the utmost care to ensure that the tobaccos we use are exactly right for each desired flavour. You can judge the result by our Navy Cut Medium cigarettes,

which make smoking a conscious pleasure instead of a mere habit. At 11/- a hundred (postage 3d. extra) they offer outstanding value.

Call in at any Rothman shop, or send your order direct to headquarters for delivery by mail. Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H22), 5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

DUTY-FREE parcels to all H.M. Forces overseas. Ask for special order form which includes full particulars.

Rothman OF PALL MALL
the best-known tobacconist in the world





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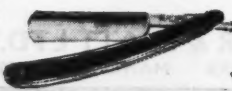
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